

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

July 26, 1999

WINNIPEG
A gamble on the Games
ENVIRONMENT
Protecting the seas
FILM
Stanley Kubrick's finale

The Curse of the Kennedys

John Jr.
and Carolyn
Bessette
Kennedy go
missing off
Cape Cod

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Editor

Turning a spotlight on the judges

Few events have had a greater impact on contemporary Canadian society than the 1982 Charter of Rights and Freedoms. It brought Canada into the era of what Alberta Premier Ralph Klein calls, scathingly, "judge-made law." From native and women's rights to the right to life and death, the nine justices of the Supreme Court of Canada have ruled on the manners and mores of all Canadians. That has upset back-les, led to attacks on judges and produced the verbal shofar last winter between Judge John McLaughlin of the Alberta Court of Appeal and Supreme Court Justice Chénier. (See "Doubt-

Now, a new offensive has begun. Jacob S. Ziegel, professor of law emeritus at the University of Toronto, has submitted a cogent case for greater scrutiny of Supreme Court judges before they are appointed. The initiative, published by the Montreal-based Institute for Research on Public Policy, is also timely given recent outcries by supposedly learned justices—none on the Supreme Court, it should be noted—which have served to focus attention on the men and women under the robes. *Times New Brunswick* leads

Jocelyn Monseau-Bélubé's comment that there were few "honourable people" among the province's Acadian population, or Justice Jean Brousseau of the Quebec Superior Court who said that Jews "died in the gas chambers without suffering." Who are these people? How did they get appointed to such sensitive positions?

The Supreme Court has not been dinged by any such incidents, although there are persistent reports in legal circles that Chief Justice Antonio Lamer's court is not exactly a company of friends. The chief justice himself clearly has been bothered by criticism. A year ago, he noted that the judicial system is "very very fragile" and declared "jagging-bashing must stop."

Ziegler's proposed reforms are hardly bashing. He proposes a nominating committee to supply the Prime Minister with a shortlist of candidates for the Supreme Court, rather than the successive practice now where lawyers lobby on behalf of their favoured candidate and the Prime Minister makes the decision with a core of fawning advisors. Ziegler also advocates a procedure for Parliament to confirm appointments.

There are legitimate objections, to be sure. Parliamentary approval might introduce an unwelcome note of U.S.-style partnership. As well, a constitutional amendment might be required to introduce a parliamentary scheme—and we all know about that process. But as Zingales notes correctly, the existing system is "incompatible with a modern federal democratic constitution governed by the rule of law and incorporating one of the most powerful beliefs of rights in the Western Hemisphere."

It would be healthy if Canadians knew more about the men and women who now have so much power in society—ruling on such issues as abortion, euthanasia, freedom of speech, prayer or sexual preference. If the Prime Minister only as interests about nursing, a professional and open government, he should put the whole matter up for debate in Parliament. Better still, he could adopt the idea of a nonpartisan commission and make its findings public. The alternative is more secrecy, more sleepwalkers—and more radical business.

Robert Lewis



Newsroom Notes

A Kennedy tragedy

It was a **Saturday** morning, precisely 30 years ago to the weekend, that reports first circulated about a car accident that killed Mary Jo Kapechke and implicated Senator Ted Kennedy. Her drowning took place during a party for Kennedy's birthday on Chappaquiddick, a strip of an island not far from the family compound in Hyannisport, Mass. That is where John Kennedy, 42, was heading late Friday night for a conven-



*At his father's
house of course*

wedding when his plane went missing and he was presumed killed, along with his wife, Carolyn Bonette Kennedy, and her aunt, Leanne.

With a mixture of anticipation and sorrow, *Maclean's* staff cut short weekend leave to assemble this week's cover story. Assistant Managing Editor Gwen Smith was the *Saturday* diary editor. She was joined by Senior Editor Berran Woodward, responsible for World coverage, National Affairs Columnist Anthony Wilson-Smith, Senior Writer Jennifer Hurver, Photo Editor Peter Begg and others. It was yet another Kennedy tragedy they would have preferred not to be covering.



Located on an island in the St. Lawrence River, Montreal was built as a trading post and strategic military site by the French, who, in the 1700s, fortified the city to protect their fur-trade empire and to serve as a base for their army of soldiers and missionaries.

Those fortifications and other historic monuments are still visible today. Now, however, with its cobblestone streets, beautiful courtyards and chic cafes, Old Montreal has become renowned by tourists the world over.

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LINCOLN
What a luxury vehicle should be.

Notes

Edited by Tanya Davies

Brandi's brazen celebration

Did she or didn't she? That was the buzz last week after U.S. soccer star Brandi Chastain stripped off her jersey following her game-winning penalty kick in the World Cup final on July 10—wreathing a black Nike sports bra to 40 million viewers. Did Chastain calculate that flashing her undergarments could lead to a hefty endorsement deal with Nike? Or was the shirt-tossing a moment of "temporary insanity," as she says? "Intentional or not," says Marc Gatus, president of SportsCorp, a Chicago-based marketing agency, "it was one of the smartest moves an athlete has made."

Owner of the most juffed body on the U.S. squad, Chastain, 31, helped Nike design the latter Active sports bra, which she and nine other Team U.S.A. members wore in the final against China. Nike denies that it was in cahoots with Chastain on the bra-exposing move, but the company "certainly will capitalize on it" when the top goes on sale on July 25, says Nike spokeswoman Kathryn Keith. The sports apparel giant will use the now-famous footage of Chastain in an upcoming ad campaign for the sports bra and may have the San Jose, Calif., native make personal appearances to promote the top. Though Chastain's recent comment—that she "didn't even know which bra" she was wearing—might not be the ringing endorsement Nike was hoping for.



Chastain's flashing her sports bra has led to a Nike deal

Capital Confidential

Life, post politics

No one quite believed that Frank McKenna was through with politics when he quit as premier of New Brunswick back in 1997, at the relatively tender age of 49. "He wants to make some money," went the conventional wisdom within Liberal party circles—and to be prepared to challenge federal Finance Minister Paul Martin, and whoever else takes a run at the federal Grit leadership, when Jean Chrétien finally steps down. The pundits, McKenna now contends, were wrong. "I had one of the most passionate political experiences," he says, referring to his decade-long political reign. "When I left, it was like coming out of a relationship that was all-consuming."



McKenna's busy as premier

"I'm not ready for another at this stage!"

Some McKenna confidants say the ex-premier simply recognizes that Martin is too far ahead of them to mount a meaningful challenge. But it may be that McKenna just wants to get on with life after politics. He does, after all, sit on 11 corporate boards, including such heavyweight as the Bank of Montreal and Noranda Inc. And he is counsel for McKinnon Cooper and Robertson, one of the biggest law firms in Atlantic Canada. It isn't all work, though: McKenna has dropped his golf handicap to the low double digits. And with all three children grown up, he and his wife, Julie, are enjoying the home they built in Cap-Pelé, on a cliff overlooking the Northumberland Strait. But there is a wisp of regret when he admits that nothing since politics has afforded him "the intensity and satisfaction" he felt as premier.

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

Maclean's captures top media awards



The National Magazine Awards: Maclean's won the prestigious President's Medal for best overall article, "Rape in the Military" by Senior Writer Jane O'Hara, the same package also won the **Gold Award** for investigative reporting, the eighth annual ranking of universities by Assistant Managing Editor Ann Downer Johnston and staff won the **Gold Award** for editorial package, **Honorable Mentions** went to "Hungarian Rhapsody" and "Coup de Succès" by Maclean's film critic Brian D. Johnson and to Maclean's Winter Olympics package, "Gold Rush" by Executive Editor Bob Levin, Sports and Life Editor James Deacon and their colleagues.

The Canadian Journalism Foundation's "Excellence in Journalism" Award: This annual award recognizes the outstanding work of a journalistic organization. Maclean's was selected for devoting major resources to covering important public issues and for maintaining an unflinching commitment to journalistic integrity.

The Michener Award Honorable Mention: Presented to Maclean's for a series investigating troubles in the Canadian military, the award focuses on the public benefit generated by media projects.

In fact, Maclean's award-winning cover stories are credited with bringing about sweeping changes in the Canadian Forces and having a profound impact on university campuses across Canada.

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Pious pin-ups

For a pair of British models, Jane Charrman and Andrew Rummy are a little unusual. She is blond and bespectacled, a 38-year-old wedding mother from rural England. He is 31, a clean-cut bachelor from London. But they are also members of the Church of England's clergy. And they have suddenly become familiar figures in Britain as featured players in the church's \$50,000 advertising campaign to recruit more young men and women.

Rummy, Charrman and daughter (far left), creating the popular image of the 'lily old vicar'

into the ranks of the Anglican priesthood. In half of the posters, Charrman, sister of Dorland Church in Gwent, and her daughter Marilla, 2, are pictured playing with a daisy chain. "Classical collars make good moustaches," says the poster. "They also symbolize a life of challenge, service and deep fulfillment." In the other half, Rummy, a curate in the north London suburb of Harrow, is captured sitting at his computer. "This man doesn't have a job," the ad proclaims. "He has a life."

Church officials hope the poster campaign may help offset current trends, which saw 329 priests leave last year while only 280 new ones were ordained. And how do the pin-ups feel about their newfound fame? "It's not about me," says Charrman. "It's about the church." As for Rummy, he hopes the poster will serve as an "antidote" to the usual image of the Anglican priest as being nothing more than "a lily old vicar."

Pop Movies

1. American Pie (PG-13)	\$3,380,220
2. Big Daddy (PG-13)	\$1,080,170
3. The Hot Chick (PG-13)	\$1,040,190
4. The Hot Chick (PG-13)	\$1,040,190
5. The Hot Chick (PG-13)	\$1,040,190
6. The Hot Chick (PG-13)	\$1,040,190
7. The Hot Chick (PG-13)	\$1,040,190
8. The Hot Chick (PG-13)	\$1,040,190
9. The Hot Chick (PG-13)	\$1,040,190
10. The Hot Chick (PG-13)	\$1,040,190

The names of Canada's highest-grossing movies during the week ending July 15 (in brackets, numbers of screens/showing).

Source: Exhibitors Box Office

Teen queens

A small-town teen beauty pageant turns ugly in the colourful comedy *Drop Dead Gorgeous*. Ellen Barkin plays America, the alcoholic mother of under-pinkie belle Amber (Kirsten Dunst). Determined to escape the town of Mount Rose, Amber sees the beauty contest as her ticket out. Kirsten Alley as Gladys,



the rich mother of another contestant, spoiled her Becky (Denise Richards). A former Miss Teen Princess America herself, Gladys will do anything to see her daughter follow in her footsteps. Becky and Amber are joined by an equally ambitious cadre of girls, who try to impress the judges with their special talents, such as interpretive sign language dances and animal calls. Told in mock documentary style, the film captures some very unattractive behaviour as it quickly becomes a raucy, backstabbing beauty contest.

Passages

Died: Former senator and Conservative federal cabinet minister Robert René de Coté, 55, in Ottawa. The economist entered the House of Commons in 1978, representing Ontario Centre. Although he was defeated a year later, then-Prime Minister Joe Clark appointed him to the Senate and



De Coté

named him minister of industry, trade and commerce. Later, he resigned from the Senate, twice won election to the Commons from Quebec and served two terms as Brian Mulroney's cabinet.

Died: Henry Kinsbo, 66, the black Ty Cobb of the Negro Leagues, in his Nashville, Tenn., home. Kinsbo batted .320 over 13 seasons between 1937 and 1950 in the Negro Leagues.

Died: The creator of Redd Foxx, Aaron Lupa, 85, of heart failure in Los Angeles. Lupa popularized whipped cream when he began selling it in a spray can in 1947.

Suing: Hollywood powerbroker Michael Ovitz, 52, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce for \$30 million in Los Angeles. Ovitz alleges the bank made false and misleading statements regarding the financial state of Livent Inc., which led to Ovitz buying control of the Toronto-based theatre company last spring. Livent filed for bankruptcy protection five months later.

Hired: CBC president Perrin Beatty, 63, as president of the Alliance of Manufacturers & Exporters Canada, in Ottawa. Beatty, who headed the public broadcaster for four years, learned last winter his contract would not be renewed.

Hired: Quebec television superstar Julie Snyder, 32, by a yet-unnamed French broadcaster to produce a version of her hit show, *Le Pigeon*. In France More than 700,000 Canadians watch her nightly talk show.

Best-Sellers

Fiction	positions last week
1. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	2
2. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	4
3. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	6
4. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	8
5. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	10
6. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	12
7. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	14
8. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	16
9. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	18
10. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	20

Nonfiction	positions last week
1. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	2
2. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	4
3. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	6
4. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	8
5. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	10
6. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	12
7. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	14
8. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	16
9. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	18
10. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (12)	20

Notes from a cell

For more than 20 years, Sioux Indian actor Leonard Peltier, 54, has been serving a life sentence for the 1975 murder of two FBI agents. Peltier and a host of supporters, including the Dalai Lama and Desmond Tutu, steadfastly maintain his innocence, the subject of several books.



But Peltier wants little space pleading his case in his own work, *Prison Writings* (St. Martin's Press). Instead he tells the harrowing story of his life, from his impoverished upbringing in North Dakota to his time in solitary confinement. Given his grim past and present, Peltier's eclectic mixture of poems, memories and religious beliefs are written with grace and astonishing optimism.



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Backstage



Anthony Wilson-Smith

The Globe, by Jove!

If the editorial stance of what used to be Canada's national newspaper seems more removed in this fall, consider this: Richard Addie, the incoming editor of *The Globe and Mail*, admits to knowing little about the nation he will watch over. "The only cliché I've heard about Canada," he joked in a conversation after his appointment last week, "was about it being bad, or boring." Addie is British, and, aside from doing on the West Coast, hasn't spent time here. That doesn't matter to his new boss, *Globe* publisher and CEO Philip Crowley, because he's British too. His boss is Stuart Garner, president of the newspaper division of Thomson Inc., which owns the *Globe*. Garner—surprise!—is British, and doesn't have to know Canada, because he's based in Thomson's head office—in Stamford, Conn.

It's a good thing Thomson is Canadian-owned, and that federal law prohibits majority foreign ownership of newspapers, or you might think Canadians don't have a say in running our own newspapers. You'd be wrong—perhaps the *Globe* just appointed Alberta-born Chrysta Freeland deputy editor. She's the sort of Canadian the *New Globe* likes: she left Canada after high school, went to university in England and the United States and has never worked here. Addie, who signed a three-year contract "after a lot of deliberating," told *London's Independent* newspaper he is "looking for a top team to take to Canada." Good or more Brits. You'd think the rival *National Post* would make hay of the *Globe*'s anglophobia. But you'd have to reach over Central Black in England, the heart of his international news empire.

While Ottawa only allows Canadians to own Canadian radio companies, that doesn't mean, to paraphrase an old joke, the people running them have to live here. Crowley and when he hired Addie. "We wanted the best person, regardless of origin." That argument works if you seek, say, the best mathematician: numbers are absolute everywhere. It's not true in journalism. *The Globe* is, in effect, applying knowledge of the country you cover and the people who read you doesn't matter. That's bad business: ask anyone on Bay Street, where "KYC," meaning "Know your clients," is a basic rule. Crowley emphasizes that "99 per cent" of *Globe* employees are Canadian. Yes, and still more than Canada than the one per cent they work for. The clear message to get to the top of the *Globe*, work elsewhere. Now, then: talk that well-regarded executive news editor Edward Gossopson, who was away when the appointments were made, may leave.

The baffling thing about the *Globe-Post* war is that it's the *Globe*, the apparent front-runner, that panicked. The *Post*, under editor Ken Whyte, is a quirky hybrid of British and

deputy editor Martin Newland is British, and some senior writers and editors have spent years living out of the country—including some who still do. Columnists like Mark Steyn and David Frum affect a know-it-all, blustering tone about Canadian politics despite the fact they spend much of their time in the United States. Whoever oversees the front page likes to slap down locals when they get uppity. A recent page 1 featured notes asserting "Americans are more emotionally mature than Canadians," and warning of a "new onrush to U.S." This, less than a week after a UN study ranked Canada the best place to live for a sixth straight year (is rating then mocked by *Post* columnist William Watson). Anglicans abound: a column on a photograph of Santa Claus referred to "Father Christmas." The political leader of our country is always called "Jean Chrétien, the prime minister" rather than putting his wife first. It makes his job sound like a sort of disease (like saying "Monseigneur's wife, the bishop of Montreal"), but it's Fleet Street style, so it's worth okay. Still, love-or-love-it, overall, the *Post*'s distinctive persona has parachute. The once-entitled *Globe*, in shedding its other as and acting like a *Post* wanna-be, is saying a very public, unintended malcontent: the effect is like Peter Mumfordbridge suddenly showing up on TV with a full head of hair and a soul patch.

In fact, the *Globe* is fixing what—based on Crowley's claims—was broken. He insists the *Globe*, despite the *Post*'s arrival, has held readership, advertising and market share close to previous, highly profitable levels. William Thoroff, who he downloaded to the editorial page, was arguably the smartest, most innovative editor in Canada in decades. Thoroff is complex and can read about. Some say—given his past notorious authoritarianism—he met the same rough justice he dispensed. But as Whyte says of his sometime friend and rival, he made the *Globe* "the undisputed leader in national, business and foreign news." That's no longer true.

Thoroff was also plugged into business and social circles across Canada, so the chattering classes felt a stake in the paper. Now, the *Globe* has no top figure who connects with people—other than Fleet Street types seeking a better life across the pond. "Two nations divided by a common language" is how Winston Churchill characterized British-American relations, with their different expressions and social mores. That's true of Britain and Canada. Welcome, Mr. Addie: perhaps you'll meet some Canadians while you're here—although not, of course, at *Globe* senior management meetings.

The Curse of the Kennedys

JFK Jr., his wife and her sister go missing on a flight to Hyannisport



By Anthony Wilson-Smith

It was *another* Kennedy family reunion at the storied Hyannisport, Mass., island compound where they have shared so much joy and sorrow. On this occasion last weekend, there was great reason to celebrate. Rory Kennedy, the daughter of Ethel Kennedy and her late husband, Robert, was to be married Sunday to fiancé Mark Bailey under a white tent by the sea on the family property. By late evening Friday, most of the expected 275 guests

had arrived—with a couple of very notable exceptions. John F. Kennedy Jr. and his wife, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, still appeared to be en route (as was her sister, Lauren Bessette, who was hitchhiking a ride and had plans elsewhere). As had become common since he got his pilot's license last year, John Kennedy was making the trip in his private aircraft—a red and white, single-engine Piper Saratoga. Stenciled on the plane's tail were registration

John and Carolyn at a New York benefit; the search off Martha's Vineyard (front): the curious pair of being a Kennedy

numbers and letters that stood for his late father's birth date and their shared initials. John Jr.'s takeoff into clear blue skies, at 8:38 p.m. from Essex County Airport in Fairfield, N.J., was uneventful.

It all seemed so routine, in keeping with other rituals in the 38-year-old Kennedy's life. The night before, Kennedy, an avid sportsman, went to a baseball game at Yankee Stadium in his home town of New York City with friends. Recently he

had been putting in particularly long hours as editor of *George* magazine, the political publication he founded in 1995. Its future has been put in doubt by declining ad revenues and circulation. For Kennedy, whose enthusiasm for flying was obvious to friends—although not shared by 33-year-old Carolyn—the short flight to see family was a welcome chance to relax.

But with the Kennedys, nothing ever seems to end as uneventfully, or peacefully, as it should. *At*

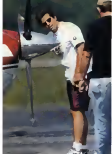
Photo: Greg Gorman

The Kennedys are 'America's royalty' and JFK Jr. was the crown prince

9:39 p.m., the Federal Aviation Administration received a last signal from the aircraft in the air, about 10 to 12 nautical miles west of the island of Martha's Vineyard, so it should have been beginning its final approach to land. From there, after dropping Lauren Bessene on the island, the two Kennedys were to continue to Hyannisport. About midnight, a waiting limousine driver informed the Kennedy clan at the compound that the plane had not arrived, and they contacted federal authorities. By early afternoon the next day, after a massive search involving officials from the federal government, five states and many private citizens, a piece of luggage was discovered, washed up on Phillips Beach on Martha's Vineyard, with the name tag "Lauren Bessene." Shortly after, searchers also discovered a wheel, headrest and strut from a plane. At this point, the rhetoric of searches immediately shifted from "rescue" to "salvage"—an unofficial but sure sign they had given up hope.

It took six weeks, or even months, to determine the cause of the apparent crash. At week's end, speculation centered on several potential reasons, including mechanical failure, and whether Kennedy's flying was impeded by an injury to his right foot he secretly sustained while pain-glugging. That, experts said, could have impeded his ability to respond in several potential emergency situations. And at the airport before taking off, Kennedy "looked to me like he was flopping," said pilot Kyle Bailey, 25, who was about 100 m from Kennedy when he arrived.

It was hard to fathom a Kennedy aircraft gone down. Nothing can ease the shock to the family, in particular, and Americans, in general, as the latest information to emerge is clear that has lived with seemingly endless tragedy (page 22). Across the United States, people were moved to coverage of search efforts, earned live Sunday on all major U.S. television networks. In Hyannisport, local residents milled out-



Kennedy with his plane in Hyannisport last fall, under the desk in the Oval Office in 1963 (right): his memories of his father were 'glorious'

side the Kennedy compound in a show of moral support. As the gravity of the situation sank in, family members behind in with huddled together for a moment—in lieu of the increasingly postponed wedding. Baseball fans at Yankee Stadium were asked to rise for a moment of prayer, and *The Chicago Sun-Times* printed an edition of its Sunday paper. President Bill Clinton, who met Kennedy's father, President John F. Kennedy, as a youth and has often described him as a "personal hero," followed search efforts on a "minute-to-minute" basis, according to a spokesman.

If the Kennedys are, as the media so often say,

"America's royalty," John F. Kennedy Jr. was the family's crown prince—a glib, movie-star handsome, and by all accounts, thoroughly decent man who bore his celebrity with reluctance, his grace. His marriage to the stunning Carolyn Bessene, after a prolific string of dates and relationships that included Madonna and actress Daryl Hannah and Sarah Jessica Parker, only enhanced that image. He will be remembered as much for his family roots and resultant celebrity as for his achievements, although—given his involvement in a variety of social causes over the years—that is unfair. Commenting on the crash, presidential biographer Michael Beschloss described John Jr. as "the most promising member of the third generation of Kennedys."

On his business cards, Kennedy never used the "F" or the "Jr.," and often introduced himself with an informal, "Hi, I'm John." He refused to emphasize the link between himself and his father, the 35th president of the United States. In fact, as Kennedy once confessed to interview-



Larry King, his memories of his father were "glorious—but not vivid." He was three days old his third birthday when Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated his father on Nov. 22, 1963, in Dallas. The young Kennedy remembered his "Uncle Bobby" better. President hopeful Robert Kennedy, who was something of a surrogate father to little John, was killed by someone Susan Sefrian in Los Angeles in 1968 when the boy was 7.

For a generation of people worldwide over the age of 40, several images indelibly linked him with his father. One was a photograph of him playing under his father's desk in the Oval Office as the White House while the president worked another, achingly poignant, was of the toddler sending his father off with a salute at the funeral in Washington. For years, he was known as "John-John"—the result of a White House janitor orchestrating a conversation between father and son, and mistakenly thinking he heard the president say his name twice.

Kennedy successfully dropped from public sight through much of the 1970s and '80s—the result of mother Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's determined efforts to have him and sister

Caroline grow up out of the public eye. In an article written in 1983 for *Mademoiselle*, Peter Salinger, the press secretary to President Kennedy, recalled that Jacqueline Kennedy, while in the White House, used to send "scores of handwritten notes promising that I was not always doing enough to protect the children and the privacy of their lives." After President Kennedy's death, she was moved into a 14-room Manhattan apartment in 1974, and young Kennedy went to private school in New York City and Massachusetts, and blossomed as an actor. He continued acting while attending Brown University and showed signs of an emerging social conscience. In 1980, Kennedy went to Zimbabwe and South Africa, and, upon his return, helped create a fund to educate young Africans. He also worked at the Center for Democratic Policy in Washington. In an interview in 1988 with *Mademoiselle*, Kennedy's then-supervisor, Albert Escala, recalled that Kennedy spent his time "just running errands, copying, that sort of thing. He was a very down-to-earth guy. There wasn't a sense he was a special person." Kennedy, Escala added, "was a very bright, expressive young man."

He also had no shortage of income: after graduating in 1985, he continued acting, traveled to India, dabbled in political fund-raising, and worked with a team of divers that was looking for a pirate ship sunk off the Cape Cod coast. In July of 1993, he went to work as assistant district attorney to Manhattan district attorney Robert M. Morgenthau. But for a new generation of Americans, Kennedy's public emergence—or re-emergence—came with his first major political speech at a Democratic National Convention in Atlanta in 1988. It wasn't only what he said—it was how he said it—and how he looked.

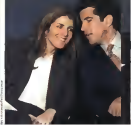
Introducing his uncle Senator Edward Kennedy, he said: "Over a quarter of a century ago, my father stood before you to accept the nomination for the presidency of the United States. So many of you came into public service because of him, and in a very real sense, it is because of you he is with us today." He named a two-minute standing ovation—and a place, like it or not, back in the spotlight. That same year, *People* magazine gave the six-foot, one-inch, 190-lb. Kennedy a title that became part of his lore: "The sexiest man alive."

That, in fact, was a quality Kennedy showed unquestionably with his father, who was revealed after his death to have been a notorious womanizer. John Jr., who went on to study law at New York University, was linked with a variety of women—though not nearly so many as would have been to make that claim. There were frequent references to him on *Seinfeld* (including an episode in which the character Elaine, played by Julia Louis-Dreyfus, becomes weak-kneed and giddy after finding herself placed next to him in coarsely class. He became a familiar figure on television—seen, but seldom



After Kennedy last month a mass of hope around of her suicide wedding





John Jr. kept off Hyannisport last summer (far left), with sister Carolyn in May, adding his father's carriage in 1963 with mother Jacqueline, Caroline and Robert; he disappeared en route to the place his father loved the most—where his family sheltered from the world

board, because most of the time, he was photographed by paparazzi without his consent as he entered or emerged from restaurants or social events.

Still, Kennedy Jr., again like his father, was skilled at both subverting the media, but meeting its needs when it suited him. But there was one key difference: unlike his father, whose dalliances continued after his marriage, Kennedy Jr. appeared thoroughly devoted to his wife. In Sept. 1, 1996, he and Bessette caught everyone off guard when, after a two-year courtship, they escaped the media long enough for a secret wedding on a small island on the south Georgia coast. He had proposed to her on the beach at Hyannisport. At the wedding, he teased Carolyn for making him "the happiest man alive." Both of them made great efforts to keep their life together private. But on other matters, Kennedy was more forthcoming. His efforts in founding

George reflected his interest in both politics and the media. He often joked about how he would like to become "president"—and then, after a careful pause, added "of the magazine." He never ruled out a future in politics but, mindful of the tragedies and difficulties that befall others in his family, spoke very cautiously about that option. "Once you run for office, you're in it—sort of like going into the military," he once said. "You'd better be darned sure it is what you want to do. It takes a certain toll on your personality and on your family life. I've seen it personally."

He must certainly had. Ironically, his weekend marked the 30th anniversary of the infamous Chappaquiddick incident, in which Senator Edward Kennedy was involved in an accident that caused the death of his secretary and travel partner, Mary Jo Kopechne. Ted Kennedy left the scene of the accident and did not report it for several hours. Although he was never charged, the scandal from the incident lingered long after and is considered by analysts to be the

reason that Ted Kennedy's 1979 challenge to President Jimmy Carter for the Democratic nomination failed miserably.

Kennedy Jr., for his part, was loyal to Democratic nominees faked miserably. He was always close to his Uncle Ted, and when a cousin, William Kennedy Smith, was charged with rape in 1991, Kennedy took time off work and flew to West Palm Beach, where the trial was taking place, to offer support. He did so, he said at the

result of inheritances of both Kennedy and Chassis wealth. But the man whom biographer Wendy Leigh once described as the one member of his family who was scandal-free shared another, more commendable trait of the Kennedy: a commitment to public service. And he discouraged talk of a Kennedy aura. "It's hard for me to talk about a legacy or a mystique—it's my father," he said in 1993. "The fact that there have been dif-

'The fact that there have been hardships or obstacles makes us closer'

ferences or hardships, or obstacles, makes us closer." He clung to those roots: his cottage at the Hyannisport compound had belonged to President Kennedy, and he kept it intact as it was at the time of his father's death. He went there, friends said, at almost every opportunity. But there is no denying either the intense pain of emotional power that comes from being a Kennedy. Shortly after John F. Kennedy was assassinated in 1963, his widow, Jacqueline—who died of cancer in 1994—treated to a friend that "if I had any idea Jack would be killed, we would never have named our son John F. Kennedy Jr." The offer, the former carter, was not to be put a spotlight on him he could never duck. In the end, John F. Kennedy Jr. disappeared en route to the place his father loved the most—and where the family felt sheltered from a world that, despite all their advantages, has no often been harsh and unforgiving. Now, again, the Kennedy seek solace from each other—from a family case it seems they will never escape. ■

In fact, had he so chosen, Kennedy did not ever have to work for a living. His personal wealth was estimated at various times as swelling anywhere from \$15 million to as much as \$75 million—the

result of inheritances of both Kennedy and Chassis wealth. But the man whom biographer Wendy Leigh once described as the one member of his family who was scandal-free shared another, more commendable trait of the Kennedy: a commitment to public service. And he discouraged talk of a Kennedy aura. "It's hard for me to talk about a legacy or a mystique—it's my father," he said in 1993. "The fact that there have been dif-

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John and Carolyn wed in 1996; they met while jogging in Central Park

the captured Kennedy from the moment they met in 1992 while jogging in Central Park. Born in White Plains, N.Y., the 35-year-old Bessette Kennedy came from a broken home; her estranged father, a doctor, was not at her 1976 wed-

ding. But she, her mother and two older sisters—including Lauren, 35, a vice-president at the Morgan Stanley investment firm—were close. She earned a bachelor of science degree from Boston University in 1988 and moved to New York City, where she worked for fashion designer Calvin Klein. She left that job shortly before marrying Kennedy.

Recently, observers compared Bessette Kennedy (ironically to John's mother, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. "She is very good at making people feel they are special," said one friend. "It was the same with Jackie." In her wedding tragedy, she again scored second billing—to everyone but those who knew her.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

A stylish mate with a will of steel

It was probably inevitable that as a person who married into the Kennedy clan, Carolyn Bessette would always rank several rungs below her husband in attracting public attention. But among friends there was never any doubt the strong-willed Bessette Kennedy could give as good as she could take. After their courtship, a friend of both, Richard Wieser, observed: "I don't think she has any problem hanging with him. If anything, he has more trouble hanging with her."

A smiling blond and former model with a fondness for cutting-edge fashions,

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Profiles in tragedy

Assassinations, crashes and scandal scar a proud family

By Jennifer Hunter

For Rory Elizabeth Katherine Kennedy, Sunday, July 17, was going to be a glorious day. In Hattiesburg, Miss., 275 friends and relatives had been invited to celebrate the wedding of the 30-year-old documentary film-maker to editor and writer Mark Bailey, also 30. But word that the plane carrying her first cousin, John Kennedy Jr., his wife Carolyn Bessette



Joe Jr. (above left), John Kennedy and Jackie in Dallas; Bobby and John in 1962; grief

Kennedy and Carolyn's sister Lauren was running out a tragic pull over Rory's day, a feeling that must have been very familiar. Not only was she forced to postpone her nuptials, the Kennedys had once again fallen under an undeniable curse reaching across at least three generations. Instead of rejoicing in a marriage last weekend, the once-crossed family gathered once more to attend a special mass at the compound for some of their own.

Rory herself has been touched by the terrible history—the assassinations, the tragic car accidents, the brushes with ignominy. One event had dramatic consequences on her life even before her birth: her mother, Ethel, was three months pregnant with Rory when her father, 42-year-old Democratic presidential candidate

and New York Senator Robert Kennedy, was killed by assassin Sirhan Sirhan in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles on June 5, 1968. Rory grew up without a father and, like all of his family, lived with the traumatic knowledge that her uncle, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the popular 35th president of the United States, also had been gunned down on Nov. 22, 1963. Even that watershed event was part of a season of tragedy. Three months before that fateful trip to Dallas, Jack and wife Jacqueline had grieved over the death of their two-day-old son, Patrick Bouvier.

Several of Rory's 10 siblings continued major troubles as they grew up. In 1973, when she was 5, her eldest brother, Joseph Kennedy II, then 21, was convicted of negligent driving after his Jeep flipped over, leaving a female passenger paralyzed. Later, while a three-term Massachusetts congressman, Joseph caused further scandal by securing from the Roman Catholic Church an annulment of his marriage to his first wife, Sheila Rausch, and marrying one of his office staffers, Beth Kelly. He now runs a nonprofit clean-energy company. Brother Robert Jr., who later became a lawyer and environmental activist involved in British Columbia's 1993 Clapnet Sound anti-logging protests, was

Rory's wedding was scheduled just as media outlets seized scandalous moments of her uncle Edward's car accident at Chappaquiddick Island, which resulted in the death of the Massachusetts senator's 28-year-old wife Mary Jo Kapezhine. The accident happened almost exactly 30 years earlier, late at night on July 18, following a party attended by the senator's political associates on the island off Martha's Vineyard. His car carrying Kapezhine tumbled off a narrow wooden bridge into the water and became immediately submerged. Kapezhine was found drowned inside the vehicle, but somehow Kennedy managed to escape unhurt. To this day, questions about his delay in reporting the accident and what efforts he made to save Kapezhine remain unresolved. The accident, however, helped to dash Ted Kennedy's hopes of becoming a presidential candidate.

The Kennedy vicissitudes struck Rory's cousin as well. Ted's son, Edward Jr., had his right leg amputated in 1973 because of cancer. His younger son, Patrick, now a U.S. congressman, became addicted to cocaine as a teenager and had to seek treatment. William Kennedy Smith, a doctor and son of Ted's sister Joan Kennedy and Stephen



Bobby has finally succeeded in Los Angeles (above left) raising the Chappaquiddick death car; David Kennedy in 1987; Michael Kennedy, a terrible legacy of bourbon-bank robbing across at least three generations

addicted to heroin in the 1980s. And another of Rory's brothers, David, died of a drug overdose near the family vacation home in Palm Beach, Fla., in 1984.

Her family's miseries were compounded with the death of brother Michael in January, 1996, a tragedy that Rory witnessed. She was on the slopes in Aspen, Colo., with her 39-year-old sibling and his three children, playing football, when Michael suffered a heart attack. Rory swooned over to assist and, cradling Michael's head to give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, she noticed he was not breathing. "Oh my God," she cried. "He doesn't have a pulse." Michael had died instantly, cracking his skull and severing his spinal cord. A year earlier, he had entered addiction therapy for sex and alcohol after *The Boston Globe* revealed he had had an affair with his children's teenage babysitter.

Smith, was accused in 1991 of raping a woman in Palm Beach. He was acquitted in 1992.

The family's misadventure back to last to Rory's grandfather, patriarch Joseph Kennedy and his wife, Rose. The couple's eldest son, Joseph Jr.—whom Joseph Sr. had originally seen in the family's political hope—died in an air crash during the Second World War. Daughter Kathleen also perished in a plane crash at 28 while en route to France. Another child, Rosemary, now 81, was born mentally deficient.

Yet along with the family's woes have come many blessings. There is a pattern of achievement among Joseph and Rose Kennedy's 25 surviving grandchildren: Kathleen Kennedy, Ethel and Robert's eldest child, is lieutenant governor of Maryland; Caroline Kennedy Schlosberg, John Jr.'s sister, is a successful lawyer, Maria Shriver, daughter of Eunice Kennedy and Sargent Shriver, is an NBC correspondent, named to movie star Arnold Schwarzenegger. But for Rory Kennedy and the entire clan, last week's accident was only the latest entry in the family's cruel legacy of heartbreak. ■

Ottawa wants to establish a network of protected marine areas, but progress is frustratingly slow

Water Worlds



Whithead was expecting to be invited to join a working group to hammer out rules to safeguard the Gully, with participants drawn from the fishing industry, oil and gas exploration companies, environmental organizations, governments and science. To his surprise, Fisheries and Oceans dropped its plan to form the committee, at least for now. The department's exploration activity among the various groups—particularly disputes between the fishing and offshore energy sectors—made it impossible to cross them into sitting down at one table. "I pushed personally for protection for the Gully," Whithead says. "But now it was designated, frankly, nothing much has happened."

Usually progress is the rule, not the exception, as Ottawa takes its first steps towards setting aside a system of conservation areas beneath the sea to parallel the National Parks on land. The Gully is only one such case. Off the west coast, Anderson has designated four protected areas but reserves still fall. But since then, detailed work has not even begun on specific plans for protecting these unique Pacific Ocean sites, which include underwater volcanoes and richly populated with crabs and other coral sea life. The conservation priorities vary widely among these pilot projects. For the Gully, the biggest worry is the prospect of exploration activity from the nearby Sable Island offshore gas fields encroaching on the whale habitat. For some west coast sites, more careful management of fishing around fragile, unusual ecosystems is a top concern.

But focusing on how to best safeguard the sites themselves is often taking a backseat to sorting out government roles and jurisdictions. In British Columbia, federal and provincial bureaucracies are locked in prolonged talks aimed at a broad framework for who will do what when it comes to conservation. In B.C. waters, a full year has passed since a discussion paper on the subject was published jointly by Ottawa and Victoria, and "there is still no action plan," complains Sabine Jansen, Vancouver-based executive director of

By John Geddes in Ottawa

Hal Whithead calls it jousting. The Dalhousie University biologist watched with fascination last summer from his research vessel *Balena* as two northern bottlenose whales, both males, circled towards each other near the surface, dove down a little, and then crashed beside. They repeated the ritual three times. "What were they up to?" "We just don't know," the whale researcher says. "It may be a competitive thing; it may be a friendship thing." One thing he does know is where to find these little-understood marine mammals again: he set out this August, hoping to catch sight of another jousting match. About 130 of the whales, up to eight metres long, cousins of the much smaller, more familiar bottlenose dolphins, live 200 km off Nova Scotia in an underwater canyon known simply as the Gully.

A few months ago, Whithead was optimistic that by this summer detailed planning would be well under way for protecting the deep-water home of the whales he studies. But he has been disappointed. After a promising start last December, when federal Fisheries and Oceans Minister David Anderson designated the Gully as the first East Coast pilot project in his ambitious bid to establish a national network of marine protected areas, progress has been frustratingly slow

Bottlenose whales off Nova Scotia joust about possibilities how limited the process

the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society (Aps), she adds, "none of the details of how we are going to move forward are laid out."

That means no decision on what fishing—if any—would be allowed in the protected areas or on plan for monitoring the sites or enforcing whatever restrictions are imposed. Still, environmental groups and ocean researchers praise the government officials for trying to sort out highly-level issues before hearing in on the area slated for protection. After all, Canada's oceans have fostered intricate political and bureaucratic ecosystems. At the federal level alone, three different government entities have roles in ocean conservation—leaving plenty of potential for confusion and conflict. The Canadian Wildlife Service's enabling act



Andersen: adopting a go-slow approach in the hope of building a consensus

was amended in 1994 to allow it to protect special marine habitats. Fisheries and Oceans got the legal authority to set aside marine protected areas with the passage of the new Oceans Act in 1997; and a new act under which Parks Canada will establish marine conservation areas is slated to be passed into law in the fall. "From a strictly technical viewpoint, you probably would say yes, it all could be rationalized," Andersen allowed in an interview with *Maclean's*. "On the other hand, with goodwill, it probably doesn't matter."

Such consultations can take many years, with uncertain results. But Andersen also hopes a go-slow approach will eventually win over environmental groups. As it stands, organizations like the World Wildlife Fund credit Andersen—who generally gets high marks as a sincere champion of the environment—for pressing ahead. But the WWF, among other conservation groups, is worried about the absence of firm minimum standards in Andersen's policy. Even so, and go exploration and fishing by the controversial bottom-trawling method are not explicitly outlawed. Instead, the rules for each site are to be hammered out on a case-by-case basis. But Andersen predicts that the standards set for the first few sites will become, in effect, the bottom line for future protected areas. "We've got enough sites where we've got a site-specific minimum standard, we'll start discovering more."

Discovery of a more compelling sort could be made this summer. Off Nova Scotia, Whithead and his fellow researchers plan two expeditions to study their beloved northern bottlenose whales. One of their recent finds: the whales dove to a suspended 1,453 m—almost equal to the length of three CN towers laid end to end—to feed in the Gulf, far deeper than any whale was previously believed to venture on a routine basis. On the opposite coast, University of Victoria biologist Victoria Threlkeld is using a submarine to study the Endeavour Hot Vents, a deep-sea hydrothermal vent system off the coast of Vancouver Island, where the acidic plumes of the ocean floor dredge and plumes of superheated, chemically complex fluid percolate up into the water—creating an almost alien environment. She spots many species of strange barnacles, worms and other organisms that thrive around the hot vents are found nowhere else. Life under the sea can seem mysterious and untouched by the passage of time. And, as proponents of the new marine protection policies are learning, so can political decision-making. ■

agriculture industries angrily opposed. Ottawa, even looking into the idea. Andy Mitchell, the federal secretary of state responsible for Parks Canada, says the setback might Ottawa the importance of "being more aggressive in our education process." Newfoundlanders were suspicious of Ottawa's assurances that not all fishing would have been banned had a conservation area been established. But while he insists the opposition was ill informed, Mitchell nonetheless defends his decision to retreat. "One of the things that we're absolutely firm on," he told *Maclean's*, "is that these marine conservation areas are going to be established in consultation with the local communities."

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The scene of the crime: two Good Samaritans brought the officer's car to a stop

Terror on the 401

Toronto is shaken by the shooting of a policeman

Retired elementary schoolteacher Fraser Hambley, one of Canada's top freestyle bowlers, was in his 1994 Fordson, on his way to play golf with his bowling buddies Muhammad Numan-Zanoos, who arrived as Toronto from Iran in 1991, was delivering a package in his van. Just before noon last Wednesday, they came to the scene of an out-of-control police car in the collector lanes of Highway 401. Toronto's 16-lane express artery, sandwiched in and forcing it to a stop. Hambley and Numan-Zanoos jumped out to find Toronto police Const. Patrick Ferdinand, a 44-year-old father of three, slumped behind the wheel with blood spurring from a quarter-inch hole in his chest. He had been shot while trying to pull over a van he believed was being driven by a suspect in a house burglary. (Police now say the burglary was committed by different suspects, and Ferdinand happened upon two men on their way to commit an armed robbery.) The suspects, who also shot at a civilian who pursued the van, are wanted for two counts of attempted murder.

Ferdinand's shooting triggered a city-wide manhunt involving more than 300 officers. Subway trains were stopped and disembarking passengers fled, panicking police. Hambley, 36, and Numan-Zanoos, 37, were huddled in the van as "Good Samaritans." Ferdinand, after doctors removed bullet fragments that missed a critical artery by a centimeter, could breathe with permanent damage to his jaw but is otherwise expected to recover fully. The prognosis for Toronto, though, may not be so positive.

It was the small-scale crime involving gunplay within the past month and the city's first police shooting since August, 1998—leaving an identity-shocked citizenry aching. On the same day Ferdinand was shot, a 25-year-old Scarborough man was threatened by a driver and had three shots fired at him; in another incident, a dispute over a woman led to a 34-year-old man receiving a blast from a sawed-off shotgun in the upper thigh. On July 11, a father buying ice cream at a McDonald's drive-through was shot in the leg by young men whose car blocked his way. On June 28, a 16-year-old girl was killed by

a shotgun blast in the parking lot of a Burger King just north of the city. And on June 26, two men were injured and a third man was killed when shots were fired into their moving car from another vehicle in the city's east end.

Last week, Mayor Mel Lastman went so far as to call on Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to ban guns from urban centres. Others, though, urged people not to lose perspective. "Whenever there's a spate of shootings, people start to panic about the streets going to hell," said Wendy Culver, head of the Coalition for Gun Control. "But Toronto remains the safest city of its size in North America. You're more at risk from guns in rural Alberta and New Brunswick than in Toronto. What's frightening about these recent incidents is they seem random." The police, meanwhile, criticized Lastman's overreaction, wondering how a gun ban could be enforced.

Chief David Boothby offered a solution of his own: increasing the mandatory sentence for people using a gun while committing a crime to 10 years (at



Numan-Zanoos: anger over suspect who 'doesn't deserve to live in this society'

the moment, illegal use of a firearm automatically adds at least one year to a jail term). He also vowed that Ferdinand's assailants, described in a white male with a small ponytail and a light-skinned black male, both in their 20s, would be captured. Numan-Zanoos, who has helped police in other instances, urged Boothby's anger. "It doesn't matter what the colour of skin was," said the cab driver. "If someone is doing a crime like this, they don't deserve to live in this society."

John Nicol

Canada's oceans have fostered intricate political and bureaucratic ecosystems

Whether enough goodwill exists up and down the government food chain to create an efficient ocean conservation system remains to be proven. Federal responsibilities are already aimed out—in some extent, Fisheries and Oceans is responsible for protecting coastal areas and, along with areas of critical importance for maintaining fish populations. Parks Canada long-term aim is to set aside "representative" areas in 29 ocean zones already mapped out, with a focus on public education. The Canadian Wildlife Service is mainly responsible for marine areas that are vital to migratory birds. The provinces' roles are less clearly defined, but can hardly be ignored. British Columbia already has an extensive network of small inshore protected marine sites and, like Atlantic provinces, it defends local fishing and aquaculture interests.

Those interests have already proven they have the clout to drown efforts to set aside protected places. Last March, Parks Canada was forced to abandon a feasibility study area including Newfoundland's Bonaventure and Notre Dame bays the province's first marine conservation area. Local fishing and

Hopes and frustrations

Union leaders representing Quebec's 47,500 striking nurses voted on Saturday to accept the provincial government's wage offer—after the two sides agreed to a time limit on a study of salary levels.

But acceptance by the rank-and-file membership, who were to finish casting their ballots by Wednesday, was no sure thing. The money offer in the tentative pact was still a five-per-cent raise over three years with a one-time catch-up payment of \$35 million over 18 months.

Earlier, the 600 union delegates had balked at the wage deal and ordered the leadership back to the bargaining table. "We deserve better," said one delegate bluntly. What swayed the leaders on Saturday—following an all-night bargaining session—was the government's concession to complete a study of health-care salaries before



Assessing the deal: widespread anger among nurses

Nov. 15 and raise nursing pay if warranted. Initially, the government had said it would take two years to complete such a report. The nurses began their illegal walkout on June 26, seeking a per cent over two years, with the third year to be negotiable later. They had also demanded an immediate 10-per-cent raise to bring their salaries to the level of provincial social workers.

Some picketing nurses who were frustrated with the offer said they were contemplating a breakaway union. If that happens, health-care peace could be a long time coming.

Toronto communications breakdown

Telephone service in downtown Toronto was disrupted on Friday because of a fire at a key Bell Canada switching station. For some companies and individuals, phone service remained down for much of the business day. Bank machines were also affected, as were some retail credit and debit card terminals—a problem that also afflicted businesses outside of Toronto that are tied by phone lines to computer systems. At the Toronto Stock Exchange, trading continued even though some member firms lost their communications links.

A call for federal tax reduction

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce called on the federal Liberal government to slash taxes by \$9 billion over the next two years—a decrease of \$1,700 annually in an average family's tax bill. "We know that the over-taxation of Canadians has now placed the government in a more favourable

financial position where it can afford to cut back on the amount of money it collects from its citizens," said chamber president Nancy Hughes. Anthony Bur Prime Minister Jean Chrétien demanded that call, saying the government will proceed with its agenda, in which half of any budget surplus (\$9.1 billion last year) will go towards spending on social programs and job creation while the other half will be split between debt and tax reductions.

MacPhail resigns

In another blow to B.C. Premier Glen Clark's beleaguered NDP government, Joy MacPhail resigned as finance minister for "personal" reasons. Her decision comes at a tumultuous time for the party: the NDP has been under fire because of its troubled initiatives to rescue the province's ailing economy. Clark appointed Gordon Wilson, the former head of the Progressive Democratic Alliance and, before that, the province's Liberal party, to replace MacPhail. Wilson, who crossed the floor in January to join the New Democrats and become the minister in charge of aboriginal affairs and B.C. finance, will also retain his previous responsibilities.

Meeting of minds

Federal Tory Leader Joe Clark acknowledged that he met with Reform Leader Preston Manning in the spring to discuss co-operation between their parties. Clark has publicly criticized Manning's United Alternative, a proposed coalition of right-wingers against the federal Liberals. But, he said, "I thought it was important that we compare notes." Clark added that he intends to meet again with Manning.

New hope for Vasey's Bay

Inco announced it will begin new exploration in September on as Vasey's Bay property in Labrador. Analysts said the decision was an encouraging sign for the stalled nickel project, which has been on hold because of the Newfoundland government's insistence that Inco process all the ore in the province.

Death in Sylvan Lake

Tragedy struck a family in the small central Alberta community of Sylvan Lake when Douglas Stouffinger, 17, and his sister Susan, 19, died after losing consciousness in a root cellar. Susan had gone to the cellar in the family's bath and passed out due to a combination of lack of oxygen and carbon dioxide from rotting vegetables. Her father, Harvey, went to look for her and also succumbed, so did Douglas when he tried to rescue them. The two died in hospital; their father survived.

People Edited by Tanya Darnes

A travelling troubadour

Rural chronicler Fred Eaglesmith found fame the old-fashioned way

Between songs, string-singer

Fred Eaglesmith is holding forth on a Dallas stage about how old guitar strings can make an ideal poultry pen. "Just string them up 10 cm apart—that's 2½ inches in American," he jokes. With his face drawn, and the way the Texas audience lays it up, he could be a native son. But close attention to his lyrics, which describe a rural landscape of crooked roads and closed-down White Rose gas stations, gives away where Eaglesmith is really from: south-western Ontario. He grew up on a farm near the Niagara Peninsula town of Cassiar Centre and now lives on 25 acres in the rolling countryside between Hamilton and Stratford. But wherever in Canada or the United States his fans are from, he says, they seem to appreciate the references to a particular place. "Most people understand regionalism—people are about their land."

Eaglesmith, 42, is in many ways a throwback to an earlier era—say, the Dirty '30s. The sixth of nine children, he left home at age 15 after farmwork took the family farm. He hitchhiked across the country three times in six years, playing guitar between working odd jobs, and soon became involved in Canada's thriving folk music scene. These days, Eaglesmith and the three fellow Canadians who make up The Flying Squatch play a heady blend of rock, blues and country. But whatever the genre, the lyrics are all infused with Eaglesmith's love of small-town life—and, considerably less, One of his most popular songs in performance (it hasn't appeared on any of his five CDs) is fun, but asking: "When exactly did we become what really?" In fact, Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University literature professor Jean Wilson finds Eaglesmith's work so compelling that she teaches it in her poetry classes.

Eaglesmith and his band are throwbacks in another regard: they are willing to work at season by constantly touring North America by bus. "When you understand it's not forever, you play the blocks one at a time," says Eaglesmith. "So if you fall back down, it's only one block at a time." Despite a grueling schedule—they played 250 dates in 1998 and are



Eaglesmith enjoying life on his Ontario farm—as the rare day he isn't touring

on their way to surpassing that this year—that take-it-to-the-edges attitude has enabled Eaglesmith to reap numerous offers from Nashville, the country music capital, other than an ongoing contract to write songs. In Nashville, the current mood appears to be to groom a performer for several years in everything from wardrobe to stage presence before he or she ever releases an album. "It takes three or four years to make them, and we wonder to decide they're failures if their first CD doesn't sell," says Eaglesmith. "I call that heartbreak city."

That is not to say he is pining on all the trappings of modern musicianship. He recently posted the video for *Reddy Boy*, a single off his new album, *50-Old Dallas*, in Los Angeles with Shania Twain's hit video. *Reddy Boy* is also featured on the latest (Edler's) *Pole's* compilation CD produced by *Rolling Stone* magazine. But for Eaglesmith, putting on a good show remains his ultimate goal. "I don't even care if they remember my name," he says. "I just want them coming away saying, 'Man, I had a good time.'"

Barbara Wickham



Protestant Orangemen march in Belfast; the deal-breaker for unionists was the IRA's reluctance to disarm

No Easy Peace

By Barry Carron in Belfast

At Madison's pub in downtown Belfast, there is no argument when the police arrive. The hour is late and the crowd dense at the long, copper-topped bar, where the usual frenzy of last call prevails. But the noisy throng falls quickly silent, quickly dispersing into the night as the dark green bus and light green shirts of the Royal Ulster Constabulary spread the news. "A wee bomb scare," explains an RUC sergeant, ushering a visitor into the street. Outside, with peacocked efficiency, the police seal off both ends of the black with tape while a dog handler leads an explosives-sniffing German shepherd into the pub. These are white police cars everywhere, blue lights flashing, as well as a pair of "jags," the term locals use to describe those ubiquitous armoured cars with the steel-laminated windows. "It's not a good night," sighs the sergeant, watching the scene unfold. "Just hope it's not a sign that the troubles are coming our way once again."

All across Northern Ireland last week, similar scenes were

finding voice. Just hours before the "wee" scare at Madison's, the first circle appeared in the Good Friday agreement, the multi-party pact signed 15 months ago that was heralded as the beginning of the end of 30 years of bloody sectarian strife. It occurred on Wednesday evening when, in a brief 15-minute session, the 110 members of the governing board of David Trimble's Ulster Unionist Party rejected a blueprint designed by the British and Irish governments to provide for the first cross-community, power-sharing executive in Ulster's history. By Thursday, the Good Friday agreement was in shreds—it not quite a dead letter, then certainly tattered enough for both British Prime Minister Tony Blair and his Irish counterpart, Bertie Ahern, to agree to "park" it for the summer in the hope of stitching it back together this fall.

It is a tall order, especially in view of the chaotic manner in which the Good Friday agreement—and Northern Ireland's entire evolving peace process—suddenly unravelled. The

week had started well: the traditional July 12 Protestant parade in Belfast ended without violence, after authorities blocked marches from a Catholic area. Thursday was supposed to mark a historic moment, the day when the British government was to hand political power to a Northern Ireland executive composed, for the first time, of elected representatives from both sides. Protestant unionists as well as Roman Catholic nationalists and republicans.

What happened instead was a combination of high drama and low farce.

Neither Trimble, Northern Ireland's first minister-designate, nor any of the other 27 Ulster Unionist legislators bothered to show up for the ceremonies. Instead, they stood shoulder-to-shoulder in the rain outside the party's Belfast headquarters, claiming they could never serve in a government that included Sinn Féin, widely regarded as the political arm of the Irish Republican Army, and the IRA disbanded. Meanwhile, eight kilometers away, the rest of the 108-member assembly had gathered in their chamber at Stormont castle. Faced with the absence of the Ulster Unionists, the Protestant hardliners in Rev. Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party refused to seat anyone but their own. So did the cross-community Alliance Party. But the two Catholic parties—Sinn Féin and the moderate Social and Democratic Labour Party—went ahead, amid catcalls and boons of derisive laughter. The result was a 10-member executive composed entirely of nationalists and republicans, including Martin McGuinness, a former IRA commander, as minister of agriculture and Pat Dobney, brother of an infamous convicted terrorist, as minister of education.

The new government lasted for roughly half an hour before Northern Ireland Secretary Mo Mowlam, issuing orders from London, dissolved it on the grounds that, as required by the Good Friday agreement, it did not include any unionists. Mowlam then shut down the assembly hall, but not before Trimble's respected deputy in the government, Seamus Mallon of the SDLP, had resigned in disgust at the Ulster Unionists' tactics. Back in London, Mowlam noted, without much success, to sound upbeat. "Friday is a setback," she told a somber House of Commons. "It would be foolish to deny that. But it would be even more foolish to conclude that the Good Friday agreement cannot continue."

The deal-breaker issue was one that has bedeviled the agreement from the moment it was signed—the IRA's reluctance to begin decommissioning its vast arsenal of weaponry and explosives. "No guns, no government," is the slogan that unionists from all camps have been raising up for

Tensions mount as Northern Ireland's feuding parties allow the Good Friday agreement to collapse



Trimble (left): Adams, the new government lasted for roughly half an hour before it was dissolved



months. Trimble reiterated the demand last week as he stood in the rain outside his party's Glengall Street headquarters in Belfast. "Our concern," he told *Mission*, "is simply that we do not want to bring into the administration of Northern Ireland an active paramilitary organization that refuses to give up its guns. It wouldn't happen in London. It wouldn't happen in Dublin. It wouldn't happen anywhere in the civilized world."

For Sinn Féin, Trimble's arguments are merely a ruse, even if it is largely a polite fiction that the Catholic republican party does not speak for the IRA. "This talk about guns," maintained party leader Gerry Adams during a brief conversation outside Stormont. "What it's really about is the continuing refusal of unionists to share power in any meaningful way with the nationalist and the republican communities in Northern Ireland." There are many who tend to agree with Adams, not least the British and Irish press machines. On the eve of last Wednesday's critical meeting of the Ulster Unionist governing board, Blair attempted to reassure Trimble and his party by rushing "bill-salt" legislation through the House of Commons. It would have required Sinn Féin to join the House of Commons, head of the international body as up to secure arms decommissioning, to publish a timetable for the IRA and other paramilitaries to begin disarming. The process would run "without parallel" of Sinn Féin joining a Northern Ireland executive and be complete by next May. Any failure would result in the dissolution of the executive.

In the end, it was not enough. Ironically, the breakdown occurred just as Queen Elizabeth was departing de Chastelain, along with former U.S. senator George Mitchell and former Finnish prime minister Matti Holten, for helping to broker the Good Friday agreement. "Quite clearly we would have liked to have seen a different result today," said de Chastelain after being made a Companion of Honour at Buckingham Palace. "But I believe the peace process is very much alive."

On Ulster's streets, however, there was none of the euphoria that surrounded the early days of the Good Friday pact, merely resignation and a little anxiety. "It seems to me that a lorry-load or two of arms would not have been too high a price to pay to keep this agreement alive," remarked Michael Gallagher as he stood in a street in Ormeau, not far from where his son was dead in a car bomb explosion mounted by an IRA splinter group last August. "I think the politicians have let us down. They owe it to our children and our children's children to get the job done that we elected them to do." That talk is now much harder.

The perils of polygamy

An incest case in Utah highlights the controversy over 'plural marriage'

By Vince Belser in Salt Lake City

It's a sunny afternoon in Murai, a bucolic little central Utah town dominated by an incongruously imposing Mormon temple. Inside a tidy yellow-brick house on a quiet street, Jim Hammons, looking like a cowboy patriarch with his combed-back grey hair and denim shirt and jeans, is leaning through back doors of Polygamy, the first-ever support group for women and children leaving

spent 13 years as one of a Salt Lake City Mormon man's eight wives, a bureau that she says included the man's sister and 14-year-old niece. She finally left him, taking these five children, after what she describes as years of beatings, poverty and emotional neglect. Last year, Thompson helped found Tapestry of Polygamy, the first-ever support group for women and children leaving

Kingpins should be prosecuted," says Mary Potter, formerly one of a polygamist's three wives and recent founder of a pro-polygamy women's group, the Women's Religious Liberties Union. "But abuse is also rampant in monogamous marriages. Why blame our religion?"

Polygamy was widely practiced in the 1800s among the Mormon pioneers who settled the arid, remote territory

there as an estimated 20,000 to 100,000 people living in polygamous families—more than when plural marriage was official Mormon doctrine.

And the population appears to be growing, due to conversions and the high birth rates in the secretive, closed-off fundamentalist clan. The largest single polygamous community comprises some 5,000 people in the small town of Hildale on the Utah-Arizona border. That group also has branches scattered across the western United States, Mexico and British Columbia. Canadian authorities brought the B.C. group to trial in 1992, but the court concluded that laws banning plural marriages violated the constitutional guarantees of religious freedom.

Those established groups have been joined in recent years by newer factions. Among them are a Hammons 300-member line and Living Church of Jesus Christ of Saints of the Last Days. One of the most extreme fundamentalist groups, it teaches children that Sunday morning cartoons are the tool of Satan. There are also the so-called independents, people like Mary Potter who are not affiliated with any formal group but practice polygamy because that is what the original 19th-century Mormon prophet prescribed. Utah is also

home to a small non-Mormon Christian polygamist movement.

For all, the bottom line is the same: God, they believe, wants his true followers to live polygamously. As a bonus, they say, the lifestyle also offers practical benefits. With multiple mothers in a family, there is no need for day care, hired help or home-maintenance needs. "As a monogamous mother of six, I about went nuts trying to be everything to everybody," says Hammons' wife Laura, a former conversion Mormon who left her husband to join the Hammons group. "In a plural marriage, you have help."

Laura Bowles, however, was miserable growing up as one of 40 children in a clustered polygamous community near Salt Lake City. Her father had eight wives and she saw him only once a week, on Sunday nights when it was her mother's turn. "He had very little interaction with our lives, but an incredible amount of control," says Bowles, 36. "We couldn't even play at a friend's house without getting his permission. You can talk about consenting adults, but the kids have no choice."

Even supporters concede polygamy has its downsides. "The polygamy was very hard to take," admits Hammons' first wife, Elaine, with whom he had been married over 30 years before taking his subsequent wives. Thompson, the anti-polygamy activist, says the much-loved kind of banishment. "It's incredibly emotionally damaging to lie in bed and hear your husband having sex with another woman on the other side of the wall," she says. "But you're taught that polygamy is a sin against God that you should fight. You learn to deny your emotions."

Finances are often a problem, too. It is hard to find, let alone afford, housing for a family that includes three or four wives and a dozen or more children. "We'd go dig food out of the dumpsters behind the grocery store every week," says Bowles. "There were lots of other families who did the same."

Polygamy's suddenly high profile is proving embarrassing to tolerant Utah state authorities. Only a handful of offenders have been prosecuted for the crime since the 1950s, when the state quit making occasional raids on polygamist enclaves. "There's a large amount of tacit support for polygamy, because it's part of our state history," says Utah state Senator Ron Allan. University of Utah psychology professor Irwin Altman argues that polygamist families are getting a place alongside other non-mainstream households, from same-sex couples to single-parent homes, that have become fixtures of American life. "This movement," says Altman, who spent nearly a decade studying polygamous communities, "is here to stay."



John Daniel Kingdon heads to court with members of his family, awaiting trial

polygamous marriages. Since the beginning of the year, the group has filed over 300 civil suits from people seeking help. "In polygamist families, the patriarch has all the power," says Thompson. "When there's that kind of imbalance, abuse comes naturally."

But polygamy's afterlife says that a consenting adults they should have the right to live however they want. "Whether abuse of any kind, and people like the

that would become Utah. As a condition for receiving statehood, Utah banned the practice in the 1890s. Consequently, the Mormon religious leadership received advice revelation around that time that plural marriages should cease. A few diehards continued the practice underground, however, and in the 1930s a consequent Mormon fundamentalist movement spawned openly polygamous breakaway factions. Today,

home to a small non-Mormon Christian polygamist movement.

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Challenge to the mullahs

Student riots in Tehran raise the stakes in a struggle over reform

It was not the riots themselves that seemed so shocking to many Iranians. The real political heresy was the slogans shouted by thousands of protesting students who thronged central Tehran last week. Nobody had heard anything so provocative, so blatantly defiant of authority on the capital's streets since the overthrow of the Shah 20 years ago. "Mullahs become God while the people become beggars," the students yelled. And, "No more phoney parliaments." Even one of the most popular slogans of the Islamic revolution itself was hijacked. "Soldier brothers, why do you kill your mother's other son?" protesters chanted at one point last Tuesday before another tear-gas grenade sent them running back. Opposing them were riot police and the highly conservative Basij volunteer militia. The Basij chanted loudly, "We donate to our leader the blood in our veins."

This confrontation, which climaxed six days of disturbances before the government regained control, nearly symbolized the schism fissuring Iran's body politic. For the past two years, liberal supreme religious leader, Ayatollah Seyyed Ali Khamenei, and the conservative Islamic clerics who support him have been involved in a bitter power struggle with reform-minded President Mohammad Khatami. Khatami, elected in 1997 with 70 per cent of the vote, believes the preservation of Islamic rule in Iran requires liberal policies at home and commerce with the West. Senior clerics fear that democratic change would undermine their power, although Khatami himself, the successor of the revolution's founder Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, is appointed for life.



Protesters help friend overcome fear gas; 'the people have become beggars'

Because the supreme leader controls the army, the Basij and the police, Khatami has always tried to rein in the hard-liners among his reformist followers. "The students surprised almost everybody and that includes the government," said Sadeq Zolbakhani, a British-educated political scientist at Tehran University. "Even I was surprised, and I've been saying for some time it was going to happen if the government doesn't stop blaming the United States and the Western European countries every time young people ask for social and economic change."

The street clashes were rooted in one of the biggest score points between Khatami and the conservatives: the Islamic president's belief in the necessity of a five-year term. In late June, the conservative-dominated parliament passed a tough new press censorship bill, and the first publications to be closed under it was a pro-Khatami newspaper.

A small student demonstration protesting the closure in early July was brutally put down by police and a shadowy group of hardline Islamic vigilantes known as the *Ansar-e Hezbollah*.

One person was confirmed killed; students claimed up to five died. At a much bigger demonstration the next day, protesters demanded the dismissal of the country's police chief. Khatami promised a full inquiry, but it soon became clear his young supporters were out of control. Many greeted his impassioned plea to stop before they endangered his reforms. In the end, the beleaguered president was obliged to use the language of his opponents and, in a televised address, accused the leaders of the riot of having "villainous" aims. As the protests rolled away, some of the students and they left bereaved.

The Iran-phobic conservatives staged their own orchestrated mass rally. But many observers feel that something has started that will be hard to stop. "I think it is a big too easy to draw a final conclusion," said Zolbakhani. "But if anything I think the events of the last few days will, in the long run, serve the cause of the president and the reformers." It is likely to be a long, intense struggle.

Colin Smith in Moscow

Guilt of killing a child

A jury in Salt Lake City took just 90 minutes to convict Canadians Andrew Fedorovitch and Ferns Bluff of murdering, sexually abusing and sexually abusing Bluff's three-year-old daughter, Rebecca. The child's naked body was found covered with dreams of bruises and cuts on Oct. 21 at Fedorovitch's home outside Salt Lake. Bluff had left her husband in Mountain View, Alta., to live with Fedorovitch and his wife, who had been friends of the Bluffs in Canada. The prosecution showed videotaped evidence the trio had made of themselves, and said the two accused had tortured and killed the child. The pair claimed the had fallen down stairs.

Railway suspect surrenders

Angel Martinez Ronderos, the accused "railway killer," gave himself up to Texas authorities after his sister intervened in the case and pleaded for his humane treatment. Ronderos, 39, better known by his alias, Rafael Ronderos Ramirez, is suspected of committing at least nine murders in the United States since 1997. After the surrender, Ronderos's court-appointed lawyer claimed that his client did not know he could be executed for his crimes.

Pullout in Kashmir

India claimed victory in a two-month struggle with Pakistan over the disputed territory of Kashmir in which more than 1,100 people died. Under a truce agreement, Pakistan-backed rebels began withdrawing from the area where the two nuclear-armed powers had conducted a series of skirmishes. Pakistan also admitted that its regular forces had turned into Indian-controlled territory.

Valujet murder charges

An aircraft maintenance company was charged with murder and manslaughter over the 1996 Valujet crash in Florida in which 110 people died. Prosecutors said SiderTech Inc. was criminally responsible for improperly packaging oxygen concentrators that caused a fire aboard the plane, leading to the crash. Convicted of the charges, the firm could face fines of \$3 million.



The men who walked on the moon

Pioneering astronauts Neil Armstrong (left), 69, and Buzz Aldrin, 69, talk to reporters at the Kennedy Space Center in Cape Canaveral, Fla., while commemorating the 30th anniversary of the Apollo 11 moon landing. Armstrong, who rarely appears in public, confirmed that he meant to say, what he became the first person to walk on the moon, "That's one small step for a man . . ."

Taiwan breaks the 'one-China' mould

Tensions rose between Taiwan and China after Taiwanese President Lee Teng-hui repudiated the one-China policy that has long governed relations between the two. Lee signaled Beijing by announcing that all future talks between Taiwan, to which anti-Communist forces fled in 1949, and China must be on a "bene-vo-lent" basis. That sense, with its implication of sovereignty and independence, flies in the face of the long-accepted political formula in which both entities acknowledge that the mainland and

Taiwan will one day be reunified. China has long threatened to attack Taiwan by force if it declared independence. Also last week, Beijing announced that it had developed the capability to make neutron bombs. Although couched as a threat to U.S. deterrence of nuclear spying, Beijing's revelation was widely seen as directed at Taiwan. Washington, which dropped recognition of Taipei in favour of Beijing in 1979, warned Beijing against any military response. The United States stationed two aircraft carriers off Taiwan in 1996 when China conducted a series of military "tests" in the region just before the island's first five presidential elections.

Mission of mercy at the South Pole

Two U.S. military aircraft made a successful 14-hour emergency mission to drop medical equipment at the U.S.-run Amundsen-Scott research station at the South Pole, after the station's only doctor found a lump on her breast. Because of the harsh Antarctic weather, no one can leave or enter the station after late October. A Lockheed C-141 Starliner cargo jet, accompanied by a refueling plane, flew 10,000 km without landing to drop two sets of equipment for self-sustenance, including ultrasound scanners, medicine and a video-conferencing system.

Bill and Ted's joint venture

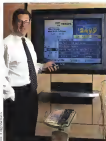
A Rogers deal with Microsoft means Web surfing on the living room TV by next year

By Kimberley Noble

Call it convergence. Bill Gates, in Toronto last fall for the first time in a couple of years, ran into Ted Rogers in the middle of the lobby of the Royal York Hotel. Rogers, who would love to collaborate with Gates' gigantic Microsoft Corp., is on a long list of Canadian executives set to sit down with Gates while he's in town. Rogers is early and Gates is malleable. So they start "talking out our hopes and dreams to each other," says Rogers, president and chief executive officer of Toronto-based Rogers Communications Inc.

Over the winter, Gates and Rogers laid out the notion of working together to develop the computer software products needed to run interactive digital television. But Raymond, Whistler-based Microsoft and AT&T Corp.—which has a number of business alliances with Rogers Communications—“were not the closest of friends.” Rogers says, making any such partnership awkward. Then, Gates bought three per cent of the U.S. phone and cable behemoth in May for \$5 billion (U.S.). Suddenly, talks with Rogers intensified, culminating in last week's announcement that Microsoft is putting \$890 million into the Canadian firm. In exchange, Microsoft gets 9.2 per cent of Rogers' equity and a promise that its operating system will be used in computers inside at least one million digital set-top boxes leased to Canadian cable subscribers.

Investors were delighted, and Rogers' common shares jumped to \$34.90 by the end of last week from \$26.95 before rumors of the deal



Gates at the controls making it easy to interact

hadn't trickled out on July 9. But what grabbed as much attention as a Canadian deal with the giant of software-making was the suggestion that, as soon as next year, millions of couch potatoes across the country could be sending e-mail and surfing the Net through their television sets.

A rudimentary form of digital cable is already on the markets. Shaw Cablevision Ltd. of Calgary has offered this service for almost two years. The boxes combine a converter and computer in a piece of equipment that looks like a VCR. Rogers unveiled its new digital service earlier this month. Montreal-based Cogeco Inc. and Le Groupe

Vidéotron Inc. are in the process of launching similar services.

At the moment, however, new digital services consist of a slightly better picture, a bunch more channels and, on Rogers' cable, an interactive TV guide. Using a remote, a viewer can call up information about what is on the tube according to time, name or subject. The latest set-up boxes enable customers to do this while running a television program in one corner of the set. What's missing is the interactivity that is supposed to revolutionize communications and render PCs obsolete.

Just with a few months, the cable companies say. The big barrier to interactive TV is the software systems needed to connect the newest household computer to the plethora of goods and services available on the Internet. This is where Microsoft and other software designers come in. According to Rogers, his deal with Gates will not only speed up the Canadian cable transformation, it will pave the way to what he calls “other interactions” between Microsoft and his subsidiary companies.

But die Canadians wait the Internet on their televisions? So far, only 12 per cent of Shaw's subscribers have signed up for digital. Josh Bernoff of Forrester Research Inc. in Cambridge, Mass., says interactive TV will not take off unless people can do everything “including the remote in one hand and a beer in the other.” John Tye, president and chief executive of Rogers Cablevision Ltd., agrees. “That will be the measurement,” he says. Cable providers recognize that a lot of their customers like television because it requires minimal effort. “But we think,” Tye says, “it will be extremely appealing as soon as people see that this will make your TV do more things for you.”

Bulking up

Vancouver-based Fletcher Challenge Canada Ltd. announced it will acquire the pulp-and-paper assets of its parent, New Zealand-based Fletcher Challenge Ltd., in a \$2.3-billion deal that also includes operations in Australia, Chile, Brazil and Malaysia. The Canadian pulp-and-paper giant last hinted it may try to acquire Pacific Paper Inc. of Vancouver, and continue an industry trend towards consolidation.

Clanica proves lively

Investors snipped up shares of Waterloo, Ont.-based Clanica Life Insurance Co. in the firm's initial stock offering. Clanica, formerly the Mutual Life Assurance Co., saw its shares close at \$23.85 in their first day of trading, \$3.30 above the initial asking price. Clanica is the first of five annual issuances planning to become publicly traded firms.

A beef with the WTO

The World Trade Organization ruled that Canada may impose trade sanctions worth \$11.3 million a year against the European Union because of Europe's ban on Canadian beef tainted with growth hormones. However, the decision, which is binding, was seen as a setback because Canada had warned \$85 million a year in sanctions.

A mutual union

Mutual fund company C.I. Fund Management Inc. and will acquire BPI Financial Corp. in a \$206-million takeover. The combined firm will have \$16.4 billion in assets under management. In the past three years, BPI's Global Opportunities Fund outperformed all others, averaging an annual return of 50.9 per cent.

Airlines don't collude

The federal competition bureau has ruled that there was no collusion between Canadian Airlines and Air Canada. Last month, Kevin Brown, Canadian's chief executive, sparked the bureau's investigation when he said the two airlines were discussing “some form of sharing” on domestic routes. “The case,” said a bureau spokeswoman, “is closed.”

A printer second to none

Quebecor Printing Inc. announced it will acquire Cansonic-based World Color Press Inc. in a \$4-billion deal, making the Montreal-based firm the world's largest printer. But under the agreement, Quebecor assumes World Color's \$1.9-billion debt, leaving the company's net debt at \$5 billion. That prompted bond issuer Standard and Poor's to put the company on a credit watch. Analysts, however, generally welcomed the deal, in part because the new company, to be renamed Quebecor World Inc., is expected to have a net cash flow of about \$750 million a year to pay towards the debt. “In this industry,” said Bob Bell, an analyst with CIBC World Markets, “it's very important to have size and scope.”

The deal will create a printing power-



A Quebec plant in Ontario now debt

house. Quebecor has 115 facilities in 14 countries and employs 26,000 people worldwide. Its revenues last year totalled \$5.6 billion, while World Color Press posted 1996 revenues of \$5.7 billion. It has 16,000 employees at 58 locations in the United States.

Protecting the auto industry

The Canadian Auto Workers union has responded angrily to a news report that federal insurers expect the World Trade Organization to strike down the Canada-United States Auto Pact next month. The pact allows the Big Three North American automakers to import cars and parts made outside North America to Canada duty-free, while other manufacturers pay tariffs. If the pact falls, CAW president Ron Hargrove said Ottawa should order new barriers. “The Americans,” he said, “would never dream of leaving this industry to chance.”

Financial outlook

One out of every four new jobs in Canada this year and next will be created in Toronto, reports the Ibanco Dominion Bank in a ranking of the

country's four largest cities. Toronto is expected to lead in overall economic prospects, based in part on job gains in the housing market, retail sales and office vacancy rates. The report puts Calgary second, followed by Montreal and Vancouver. While all areas of Toronto's economy are doing well, manufacturing is the driving force. Calgary, which had led the four cities in the past five years, was hurt by sagging oil prices last year but remains strong, while Montreal is being propelled by the high-tech industry. Vancouver, meanwhile, is slowly recovering from the Asian economic crisis in 1997.





Ross Laver

Memo to the boss: get a life

Oh, if that's taking too much, at least get a hobby. Grab a good book (pub-licat, not the latest scotch or corporate re-engineering) and go lie on the beach for a few hours. In case you haven't noticed, it's summer, a time when normal people are expected to take it easy for a week or two, sometimes even longer. And, no, despite what you may believe, the company won't go and do a screeching halt just because you've ducked out for a bit of R and R.

Memo to everyone else: maybe being the head honcho isn't such a great gig after all. At least the rest of us get to take vacations now and then.

Recently, both *The Globe and Mail* and the *National Post* asked some of Canada's top CEOs what they intend to do this summer. Money is rarely an obstacle in this crowd, so you'd expect to hear about all sorts of exotic getaways—hang gliding in the Himalayas, perhaps, or snorkeling in the shade-infused waters of the Great Barrier Reef.

Wrong. It turns out that many of Canada's corporate chieftains claim they aren't planning to take time off this summer. Seems they're too busy conquering global markets, untangling the power within and competing in the age of interactivity, or whatever the hell else it is that CEOs are supposed to do these days.

Mostly, their guys just find it hard to relax. "I like the fun of work instead of sitting on a beach," declares Vancouver tycoon Jimmy Pattison, adding that when he does take time off, he spends much of the day on the phone doing deals. Paul Sobey, president and CEO of New South's Empire Co. Ltd. grocery chain, admits he'll be likely to get a long weekend away from the business this season. At Cognus Inc., an Ottawa-based software firm, president and CEO Russ Zamboni says his summer plans include getting out more "to tell the Cogovestory" and "getting up for the second half of our fiscal year," an impressionistic mission if there ever was one.

Miles Nadal, chairman, president and CEO of MDC Communications Corp. of Toronto, sounded a bit more about his summer schedule: "Summer time is family time for us," the married father of two gals said lamely. He added, however, that "as long as I have my cellphone and fax machine, I can still be available to work."



Stevenson and wife Pamela, balance

holden demand instant results and filling their barbers have made almost every business more competitive. "It is used to you worked hard to make it to the top, and once you'd made it you could enjoy your life and play a lot of golf," Tom Kerrans, an experienced corporate director and head of the C. D. Howe Institute, told *Mixed* recently. "Today, it's not like that at all. The pressure at the top is intense—you have to work harder than you've ever worked in your life. It's brutal and it's lonely."

Several recent studies underscore the pressures on corporate leaders. One U.S. researcher found that poorly performing CEOs are three times more likely to be fired than they were a generation ago. The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, meanwhile, says the proportion of managers who work long hours—49 or more a week—has risen 37 per cent since 1985. Another study, by Queen's University professor Julian Searing, found that executives who preside over the downsizing of their companies often suffer just as much stress as their victims. And a survey of 2,000 Canadians this spring by Aon Consulting Inc. found that, contrary to expectations, senior managers and executives reported lower levels of job commitment than did middle managers. The same study found that executives were five times more likely than other Canadians to work more than 50 hours a week. "It's telling us that they feel burned out," says Aon senior vice-president Marilynne Meligan. "They need more balance in their lives."

Did somebody say balance? Perhaps what we really need are more CEOs like Larry Stevenson, founder of the Chelney Inc. bookstore chain. Stevenson isn't never works weekends and insists on taking five weeks' vacation a year with his wife, Pamela, and three girls, aged 10, 8 and 4. Right now, they're on a two-week tour of Venice, Rome and the southern Italian coast. "I love going to work but I also love taking time off," Stevenson said before departing. "When I'm gone, I almost never take calls and I generally don't even read the business news. Frankly, I'd consider it an organizational weakness if the business couldn't function while I'm away."

Well said. Have a great trip, Larry.

Sports

A fanfare for the Pan-Ams

For athletes, the Games are crucial in a pre-Olympic year

Don't tell Tony Dufresne that the 13th Pan-American Games is a non-event. After all, with more than 5,000 athletes from 42 countries, it is nearly the same size as the 1998 Winter Olympics in Nagano, and it is by far the biggest Pan-Am ever staged. Moreover, the 29-year-old track cyclist and Winnipeg native has been chosen to carry the Canadian flag and lead the team into the July 25 opening ceremony at Winnipeg Stadium, one of the great honours in amateur sport. And if the winner sprints specially, Dufresne would complete a cycling hat-trick—the won Pan-Am gold medals in Cuts in 1991 and in Argentina in 1995, too. So Dufresne, who has competed at two Olympics and won the prestigious world sprint championship in 1995, is psyched about racing in Winnipeg. "I can't wait," he says. "This undoubtedly will be one of my best experiences ever."

Despite Dufresne's enthusiasm, much of the pre-Games attention was focused on who was missing Winnipeg. Top performers in track and field, baseball, beach volleyball, tennis and basketball, among other sports, have all given Manitoba a miss (page A8). None of the big U.S. TV networks bothered to come—officials say increasingly sophisticated fans argued the Pan-Ams as a regional competition. Even some amateur sports officials have openly debated the competitive merits of the Pan-Am.

But Winnipeg organizers, hoping to spruce up the civic image, promise an exciting Games. Canada's efforts will be rewarded both by home-country support and by the fact that it is only over the 17 days of competition in Winnipeg that will determine hosts as the 2000 Olympic sites in 10 of the 41 Pan-Am sports, including baseball, field hockey and curling. As well, coaches and athletes use the Pan-Am as a test to the competitiveness of the Olympics. Massive, multi-sport events can be distracting and confusing, so in Winnipeg, younger Sydney Australia-based team members will get a taste of the annual firing conditions, transportation problems and general bureaucracy that greet big Games.

The home audience will have plenty to cheer about. The Canadian Cycling Association, which is organizing the home team, is sending more than 600 athletes to Winnipeg. Neerac expects them to provide the powerhouse Americans in the final medal standings, but the Canadians do hope to improve their 1995 record of 177 medals, including 48



Dufresne winning in Malaysia last year, carrying the flag

gold. That was good enough for third place overall, but it left them well behind Cuba (238 medals) and the United States (424). In Winnipeg, Canada is favoured for gold in a variety of events, including aquatics (with world No. 1 Jonathan Power), numerous rowing classes and swimming (individual medley specialist Mattias Larsson and Joanne Malar, and Olympic double-broke medalist Curt Mylet).

Just back from Europe, where she won two pairs titles at the World Cup regatta in Lucerne, Switzerland, with B.C.'s Theresa Lake, pair rower Emma Robinson of Winnipeg says she will use the Pan-Am competition as a tune-up for the world championships in St. Catharines, Ont., next month. The big crew team from Europe will be missing in Winnipeg, but the Canadians will get to race against tough American scullers who did not compete overseas this season.

Robinson says there is no shortage of motivation. For one thing, she has just regained her form after surgery in March to remove a malignant tumor from her thyroid. "I feel 100 percent," she insists. And the Dufresne, she is thrilled at the opportunity to compete in Manitoba—most of the big competitions in both cycling and rowing take place in Europe. "It's incredibly exciting to have a chance to race in front of your home fans," Robinson says. Now, it's up to the prodigious daughters to determine if this is a triumphant return.

James Dougan

Games Gamble

By Brian Bergman in Winnipeg

To understand why so many Winnipeggers are bullish about their city, it helps to go for a stroll on a warm summer's evening to the historic Forks, where the Red and Assiniboine rivers meet. For thousands of years, native people were drawn to this junction to camp, fish and trade goods. These days, The Forks serves as a downtown playground of outdoor cafes and bars, funky retail shops and leafy biking trails. People eat, drink and watch their children frolic in a heritage park that features wooden figures representing Hudson's Bay Co. fur traders and early missionaries to the city. At one point, the visitor is flicked between two centuries. Reflected in the decline of modern Winnipeg, ahead is a view of the towering Saint-Basile Cathedral where Louis Riel—hanged

as a traitor in 1885 and now revered as one of the founding fathers of Manitoba—is buried. This river junction is where the settlement of the West began all those years ago.

It is this sort of image that civic boosters hope will be beamed across two continents in Winnipeg plays host

to the 1999 Pan-American Games, starting on July 23. Not the bone-chilling winds that whip across the city's most famous intersection, Portage and Main, for so many months of the year. Not the annual anarchy indications that incriminably draw attacking youths in the national media every summer. And certainly not the street-punk gangs that, in recent years, have terrorized certain inner-city neighborhoods. All of these are very real aspects of life in Winnipeg. But as its proponents point out, the city is much more than the sum of such shortcomings—and Winnipeg is often unfairly misperceived by people who have never visited the city, let alone lived there. "Our national profile is not all that positive," says Klaus Thissen, president of the government-funded Economic Devel-



CanWest Global Park: the Games will leave a legacy of athletic facilities

opment Winnipeg. "It's a major challenge for us and one that cannot be underestimated."

Hosting an event like the Pan-Am Games may help counter some of the negative images. For 17 days, more than 5,000 athletes and 3,000 support staff from the 42 countries of North, South and Central America as well as the Caribbean will descend on Winnipeg. Another 1,500 visiting technical officials and 2,000 media representatives will be on hand for the 41 sporting competitions that make up the Games. Organizers expect the event to bring about 100,000 visitors to the city and predict the Games will inject more than \$250 million into the Manitoba economy. The Games will be broadcast daily in Canada by the CBC and The Sports Network, and by various networks throughout Central and South America. A highlights package is also slated to appear on the U.S. cable network ESPN.

As with other large international sporting events, the Pan-Am Games will leave a rich legacy of athletic facilities. They include a new \$8.7-million multi-sport complex, a \$12-million ball park and \$3.5 million in renovations to the Pan-Am swimming pool, which was originally built in 1967, the year Winnipeg last hosted the Games.

In strictly sporting terms, the Pan-Am Games are often viewed as the poor cousin to the Olympics. Few world records are broken at such events and many prominent athletes simply give them a pass (page 39). The glamorous much-loved sport has been stripped of its biggest star—Canada's fastest man of the moment, Bruny Surin, and reigning Olympic champion Donovan Bailey both declined to race the event in Winnipeg, as did the current world-record holder, Maurice Greene of the United States.

Organizers strive to put the most positive spin on such athletes. They point out that many emerging countries are using Pan-Am results in qualifying standards to make next year's Summer Olympics teams in Sydney, Australia. "What people have the opportunity to see is the same athletes a year before they become famous," says Games vice-president Ken Browning. "Mark Spitz was here in 1967 and many people probably didn't know who he was until he won seven gold medals at the Olympics in 1972. The same for Arthur Ash. Michael Jordan was also a Pan-Am athlete before he became world famous."

Not everyone is buying the pitch. "They want to say this is the greatest thing that has ever, ever happened," observes Scott Taylor, veteran sports columnist for the *Winnipeg Free Press*. "Well, excuse me, but I'm not yet convinced." Taylor points out that advance ticket sales for the Games have been sluggish—as of last week, organizers had sold only slightly more than half of the 500,000 to 600,000 tickets required to meet their revenue target of \$15 million. Taylor says many Winnipeg-

Photo: Winnipeg Sun/Photo Bank

sporn fans are still mourning the loss of their beloved NHL team, the Jets, and resent that the same municipal, provincial and federal governments that are spending a total of \$101 million on the Games decided to cough up the \$110 million needed to build a new hockey arena that might have kept the Jets from becoming the Phoenix Coyotes.

All the same, Taylor says that everyone in the city is hoping that the Pan-Am Games will be a resounding success. "For this community, this has to be good, this has to work," he says. "After the embarrassment of losing the Jets, we can't afford to look bad again."

In many ways, the staging of the Pan-Am Games comes at a critical juncture in Winnipeg's history. At the turn of the last century, the city was the undisputed powerhouse of the Canadian West. The routing of the Canadian Pacific Railway through Winnipeg, the arrival of thousands of migrating immigrants and the city's central role in a then-booming grain trade all contributed to the euphoria that had city fathers boasting of a shining "Chicago of the North" on the banks of the Red River.

By 1913, Winnipeg's population had soared to 150,000, making it the third-largest city in Canada, behind Montreal and Toronto. But the Depression years took a heavy toll on the city, and the waning of the grain industry and Winnipeg's manufacturing base led to inevitable decline. Today, with a population of 680,000, Winnipeg is only Canada's eighth-largest city, and many residents have switched with



Mayor Murray at Portage and Main: 7 feet in love with the city

when the humble and mighty elite gathered at the banks of the Red River to pitch sandbags.

One of Winnipeg's biggest boosters, speaks of the city with the zeal of a convert. Mayor Glen Murray, 41, was born and raised in Montreal. In an interview in his city hall office, the dapper, fun-loving Murray recalled how he first came to Winnipeg 15 years ago on a three-month contract with Canada Post Corp. "I fell in love with the city," he says. "I got involved in the cultural life and quickly had this huge network of friends. In three months, I found I was more engaged in Winnipeg than I had ever been in Montreal."

Murray decided to stay and started his own environmental auditing firm. Soon, his friends were urging him to run for city council. Murray, who is a guy who is initially skeptical about his chances. But he ran, and was, serving for nine years as a councillor before being elected mayor last October. Murray notes that his history took a lot of surprises. "Many people who don't know Winnipeg think this would be the last place to elect someone who is open about being gay," he says. "But this is a very generous city and one with a respect for diversity."

Murray admits that before he moved to Winnipeg he had "an opinion, characteristic mostly of Western Canada." But he now speaks unashamedly of his love for the Prairies and his belief that Winnipeg will be "the city of the 21st century." If his adopted home has a major flaw, he says, "it is that people are self-deprecating to a fault. They are city urban chauvinists. They do not talk up their city enough."

One person who has never had a problem talking up Winnipeg is Roy Ager, chairman of the board of CanWest Global Communications Corp. Over the years, Ager has been repeatedly asked why a successful fellow like him hasn't moved on to the bright lights of Toronto—a premise that makes him all the more determined to remain in the Manitoba capital. "I live in a complex world," says Ager. "I spend a lot of time in very large, difficult cities—London, New York, Los Angeles, Sydney. For me, Winnipeg is a safe haven in a pretty scary era."

From Ager's downtown office, he has a clear view of the spanking new CanWest Global Park, a facility his company helped finance and where the eagerly anticipated Pan-Am Games baseball tournament will be held. Ager, one of several business leaders who tried in vain to keep the Winnipeg Jets in the city, says that "there was a serious sense of defeat and depression when we lost the Jets, and a fair bit of recovery required psychologically." But the ebullient media mogul is confident the city will rally behind the Games. "We don't get the Three Tenors, or the Sinatra or Streisands," he says. "But what we do get we appreciate and support 100 per cent. I expect the Pan-Am Games will give Winnipeg a new life."

That is also the expectation of Games organizers—al-

though they concede that they wish advance ticket sales had been stronger. "I would like to have seen more people buying soccer," says Bowering. "But all our market research of other sports and several organizations down that they are going on buy because Winnipeg is a walk-up city."

The same research shows that, as was the case with the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary, the Pan-Am Games will be largely a local affair. Organizers expect to sell up to 85



Shopping at The Forks where excitement of the West began

per cent of the tickets to people living within a 300-km radius of Winnipeg. The strongest advance sales have been for finals and semifinals in such high-profile sports as track and field, soccer and synchronized swimming. The biggest draw of all is what is being billed as the best Pan-Am baseball tournament ever staged. Seven of the world's top 10 teams are from the Americas and, for the first time in Pan-Am history, professional ball players will be allowed to represent their native countries. Mike Moon, vice-president of sport for the Games, says fans are understandably drawn to the high-profile events. But he is urging people to "buy tickets to a couple of sports they've never seen just to try them out. I guarantee they will be pleasantly surprised by the calibre of performance."

That is also the advice of Bruce Kidd, a former Olympic track star and now a University of Toronto physical education professor. Kidd, who will speak at a conference on sports ethics in Winnipeg just prior to the Games, says fans and the media alike focus too much on professional sports and the Olympics. "People who only love sports," he says, "can go to a high-school gym and see something that moves them, moves them, gives them great moments of drama." Those who attend the Pan-Am Games starting later this week have the chance to experience that sort of wonder, says Kidd. And in the process, they may just give a shot to the soon-to-be-revival city at The Forks. ■

The city boasts a lively cultural scene and a diversified economy

dorm as Calgary and Edmonton took over as the new centres of commerce and political influence on the Prairies.

Now, as a new century is about to dawn, Winnipeg is trying to come to terms with its diminished status. A study conducted by RPMG Consulting and released by Economic Development Winnipeg, in March outlines some of the challenges facing the city. The percentage of Winnipeg's population that is made up of senior citizens is one of the highest in Canada, while the 20-to-44 age group is declining at a faster rate than the national average. Winnipeg currently suffers a net loss of about 3,000 residents a year to other provinces. Most of the people leaving are skilled university graduates between the ages of 25 and 29.

Overall, Winnipeg's population growth—about one per cent per annum—is being spurred by an influx of aboriginal people, who now make up about 10 per cent of the city's residents. The growth rate among aboriginals—many of whom are moving into the city from reserves—is 10 times that of non-Indians. That, it turns, is putting new pressure on the

city's social service network, as unemployment rates among aboriginals are at least double that of the general population.

A 1996 survey conducted by Economic Development Winnipeg also indicated that a majority of the city's business leaders believe high taxes are impeding growth, that the civic government is not sufficiently pro-business and that the negative image outsiders often have of Winnipeg is a serious obstacle in terms of attracting new businesses and skilled people to locate there. A Winnipeg Free Press editorial published during last fall's municipal election summed up the mood that way: "There is a sense of despondency, of defeatism that pervades the city as well as what other city governments can accomplish, own citizens. Worse than that, there is the widespread feeling that this is not even the fault of city government, that it is somehow far part of the reality of being 'Winnipeg'."

Not all, though, is doom and gloom. The RPMG study also took note of many of Winnipeg's undisputed strengths. The city boasts one of Canada's most diversified urban economies, including a revitalized garment sector, a thriving aerospace industry and an expanding sugar-food processing business. Winnipeg is home to Canada's largest insurance company (Great West Life Assurance), natural food company (Innovision Group) and bus manufacturing industry. The city has one of the country's lowest unemployment rates (5.6 per cent) and highest rates of worker productivity. It is also a very affordable place to live and runs a fairly the average house price in the city is \$85,000, compared with \$165,000 in Calgary and \$340,000 in Vancouver.

Then there are the less tangible but equally relevant quality-of-life factors. The city enjoys a remarkably active arts and cultural scene, including a number of live theatre companies, the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, the Manitoba Opera and the world-moved Royal Winnipeg Ballet. It is also famous for its community spirit and volunteerism, perhaps most evident during the Great Flood of 1997,

The bedroom and the new era of swing

Charged with operating a common bawdy house, the owner of a private Montreal club says he and his clients have done no wrong

By Susan McClelland

It's a sunny summer afternoon in Montreal and Jean-Paul Labaye is out on the patio of a downtown bistro club drinking a beer and smoking a blue Gauloise cigarette. A few passersby recognize him and nod their greetings, and the waitress who drops off another round smiles and raises her arm as if to say "cheers." The 39-year-old has become something of a celebrity, it seems, having done more than 20 local, national and international TV interviews in the past year. "In the arena, on the street, everywhere I go, people recognize me," Labaye tells *Maclean's*.

But Labaye is no naive star. In fact, the co-owner of the notorious UOngie Club (the Stewy's) is more infamous than famous in Montreal. The soft-spoken, gap-toothed Frenchman is at the forefront of a legal battle over "swinging," in which couples swap sexual partners. This week, a Montreal judge is expected to decide whether Labaye is guilty of running a common bawdy house at UOngie—what the Criminal Code describes as a place



Scene from *Bab* and *Carol* and *Ted* and *Alizee* the model here on

public interest in a trend portrayed in the 1989 movie *Bab and Carol* and *Ted* and *Alizee*—one that had seemingly died with heightened fears over sexually transmitted diseases.

In a very public way, Labaye has changed that perception. For two years beginning in September, 1996, Labaye co-owned and managed UOngie, a membership-only swing club, where Montreal couples could meet other like-minded couples, and, if they chose, enter into a private open-air apartment to have sex. But on March 1, 1998, the club was raided by police officers following a four-month undercover operation. Labaye says the raid was no surprise. "When I moved to

Canada in 1992, I wondered why these weren't options for people who wanted a free lifestyle," he says. "I soon realized it was because of the laws, and I wanted to change those. I wanted to organize a club, knowing full well the police could one day come in."

Now he is fighting back. Bernard Corbell, one of two UOngie lawyers, is citing freedom of association in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms as a defence. "If there is nothing illegal to being a swinger, it means that those people have the right to a place to swing," said Corbell. Against Crown evidence that police found a woman having sex with five men in the private apartment above the club, Corbell introduced into evidence legally available photographic videos that depict a woman having sex with several men. "The court has the opportunity to establish common-law standards towards swing clubs," Corbell said, adding "I think society can tolerate swinging. Just look at the videotape, the media and the entertainment we permeate."

Labaye claims there are many who support his views. Since the raid, he says, membership at UOngie has slumped tripled to 1,000 couples. Because the original club site was destroyed in a fire last fall, Labaye is organizing "parties" at private clubs and homes until he finds a new permanent location. "There is a market for such services. The North American Swing Club Association, an umbrella organization for swing clubs worldwide based in Anaheim, Calif., estimates there are three million swingers across North America. That number, says NASCA president Robert McGinty, has remained steady in a few last fall, Labaye is organizing "parties" at private clubs and homes until he finds a new permanent location.

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Public displays of groupsex are actually new Vancouverian journalists Terry Givoli, author of *The Lifestyle—A Look at the Erotic Rites of Swingers*, traces the practice back 5,000 years to when the Cossacks held annual sex festivals to honour the gods. The ancient Greeks celebrated an event they called



Corbell (left) and Labaye outside the old club; these people have the right to a place to swing

infidelity. "Some people are just not monogamous," she says, "even when they remain completely committed to their primary partner." But Hivola wants that people should not feel forced to swing just to please the mate. "This has to be a free choice for both individuals," she said.

Retired Toronto psychoanalyst Merv Mason agrees. He says there is great potential for jealousy between partners, and these feelings are heightened when one mate feels coerced. "There are a lot of people who can't handle it," Mason said of swinging. "It gets particularly difficult when partners start going out separately. That's when things start breaking down."

But some couples say swinging has brought them closer to their partners. Karol, a 30-year-old small-business owner in rural Quebec, says since they started swinging three years ago, she and her common-law spouse, Mike, are better able to communicate their feelings. "We don't hide our feelings from ourselves or each other," and Karol, who asked that their last names not be used. She suggested the idea to Mike, who at first was hesitant. "I thought I was going to lose her, that this was her way of moving on," the 30-year-old recalls. "But for me, swinging is fun. We make love when we are alone together. But when we do it with other people, it is only sex."

According to Gould, most swingers are between 30 and 50, middle-class and married for about 10 years before adopting the lifestyle. When UOngie was raided, the 39 members found in the club included a doctor, a lawyer, a secretary and an engineer. "These are average people, with average lives," said Gould. "What fascinates me are the people who have been doing it for years and still have good, stable marriages."

Swingers say they are damaged at their entrance to callous wife-swappers or sexual deviants. Larz, who swaps with his wife of 15 years, told *Maclean's* he has been denied jobs, and he and his wife have been turned away from stores and restaurants, since their lifestyle inadvertently became public through an indiscreet personal ad they placed in a local newspaper. "In terms of public acceptance, I feel we are where homosexuals were 20 years ago," Larz says.

Osgoode Hall associate law professor and criminal defence lawyer Alan Young says it is another way. "It is clear that there is a huge market for the securing of sexual activity and there is little the government or the law enforcement institutions of Canada can do to stop this," said Young. "Maybe it's time for the government of Canada not to engage in the futile exercise of stopping these activities, and instead regulate them to ensure the clubs are safe, sanitary and there is no secondary crime associated with the clubs." Not surprisingly, Labaye agrees. It is time, he says, for sex between consenting couples to come out of the closet. ■

Aphrodisia, during which participants, dressed as nymphs, bacchantes and angels, would end the day by having sex with one another. Gaudy sex organs are rare among modern swingers, who prefer to show spouses with one other couple.

Generally, established religions have condemned the practice. There is a depiction in the Bible of a wrathful God sending his swarming angels to earth to destroy the sceptic sinners at Sodom and Gomorrah. Contemporary reaction is less dramatic, although the principles endure. "The appropriate way to manifest sexuality is in a committed, monogamous relationship," said Suzanne Scorsone, communications director for the Archdiocese of Toronto. Scorsone says fidelity bolsters a marriage, which in turn is good for families and society as a whole. "Swinging sets up people for greater risk," said Scorsone, who holds a doctorate in social anthropology. "The children become vulnerable to the consequences of unstable relationships."

Swingers interviewed by *Maclean's* say they chose the lifestyle as a way to satisfy their sexual needs while retaining emotionally faithful to their mates. They claim it is natural to be sexually attracted to other people and unimpaired to be monogamous. Calgary psychologist Bech Hesola says that for some couples, swinging is a way to share their fantasies, while for others it is an alternative to the benefits of

Mapping the genetic highway

Rapidly expanding knowledge of the building blocks of life has profound medical implications

By Mark Nichols

As a research scientist at Washington University in St. Louis, Mo., during the past five years, biologist Marco Marra has become adept at charting the microscopic landscape of DNA, the genetic material that carries the code for life. A native of Berwyn, Mass., Marra was part of an international team that announced in December the decoding of nearly the entire genetic endowment, known as the genome, of a tiny worm called a nematode. That project was partly a prelude run for a much larger one—the Human Genome Project, a massive undertaking, now nearing completion, to decipher the code that ultimately defines every human. Marra's skills made him a natural for his latest job—associate director of Vancouver's new Genome Sequence Centre, which aims to explain the wealth of new genetic information flooding into data banks to wage war on cancer. "By learning more about genes that cause cancer," says Marra, "there is tremendous potential for finding ways to treat and even prevent it."

So far, the centre, headed by Michael Smith, the Canadian who won the 1995 Nobel Prize in chemistry for his pioneering

work in molecular biology, is in start-up mode. With laboratory space at the B.C. Cancer Research Centre in Vancouver undergoing renovation, Smith's researchers are not likely to be fully operational until early in the new year. That is still in tune for the anticipated completion of the Genome Project. Sometime next spring, its scientists expect to announce their success in decoding more than 90 per cent of the estimated 70,000 to 100,000 genes that determine virtually every physical detail of humans. In time, that trove of new knowledge should help doctors predict, diagnose and treat disease, enable drug companies to develop thousands of new pharmaceuticals and perhaps even give physicians the ability to cure disease by stepping out and replacing malfunctioning genes.

Launched a decade ago, the multibillion-dollar project, led by government-backed research teams at a dozen universities and scientific institutions in the United States, Britain, Germany and Japan, was originally scheduled to finish work in 2003. But competition from a rival project with heavy drug-company backing forced the official Genome Project—funded mainly by the U.S. National Institutes of Health and Britain's Wellcome Trust—committee to step up its pace. The redoubtable civilisational geneticist J. Craig Venter, head of Celera, Md.-based Celera Genomics, who announced in May 1998, that his company would decode the human genome by the end of 2001. The Genome Project's decision to accelerate its own operations reflects fears that while the publicly backed project is committed to making its data freely

Smith's sequencing codes (background) possible new ways of preventing disease

available to all scientists, Venter may try to patent potentially valuable genetic information. "If Venter finds commercially important genes," says Lap-Cher Tsai, a Toronto genome scientist, "I think he'll certainly try to patent his property."

While the two big genome projects race to finish first, Canadian scientists have been left largely on the sidelines. The reason, since 1992, Ottawa's funding for academic genome research has averaged less than \$5 million a year—for too little to finance the costly work of sequencing large stretches of DNA. But, says Dr. Tom Hudson, an immunologist and geneticist who leads genome research at the Montreal General Hospital, "it's not too late for Canada to get involved, because we've only just scratched the surface of genomics."

In fact, when the Human Genome Project winds up its major sequencing effort in the spring, the result will only be a "first draft," a rough-mapping, three-billion-character string of the letters A, C, G and T—representing the four constituent elements of DNA—repeated in changing combinations. It is roughly equivalent to producing information on thousands of communities along a highway, but with no reference to where they appear on that road. Scientists already know where perhaps half of humanity's genes are likely to be found in that mass of letters, but the rest are still to be located. "There it is," says Marra, "a lot of nothing to do."

Researchers at the Vancouver centre intend to play a role in that process, as do Canadian genome scientists at laboratories across the country. Among the researchers involved:

● Scientists led by Montreal's Hudson are seeking to identify and sequence the tiny variations—called polymorphisms—that occur in human genes. They determine such characteristics as height or hair colour—and can play an important

role in disease. Hudson, who currently spends two days a week in Cambridge, Mass., where he is assistant director at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's genome sequencing centre, says the goal is to aim in on disease-causing genes. As their knowledge grows, adds Hudson, researchers' focus will shift from diseases that are influenced mainly by single genes—including cystic fibrosis and muscular dystrophy—towards more complex afflictions such as diabetes and heart disease, in which scores of genes may be involved.

● At Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, scientists led by molecular biologist Tim Hart developed a detailed map of the seventh chromosome, a region of DNA dense with known and suspected disease-causing genes. Once the Human Genome Project has completed its Herculean sequencing odds, that map and others being developed by researchers around the world will gain importance. The challenge then will be to arrange the project's slabs of decoded data into a coherent map

The ultimate payoff will be huge, says Tsai, who in 1989 discovered the gene that causes cystic fibrosis. "The reason we know about how all the genes function," he says, "is because we have the code of creating up with effective treatments."

● At the University of Victoria, researchers under evolutionary geneticist Ben Koop are also concentrating on the seventh chromosome, and particularly on two regions containing numerous cancer-causing genes. After successfully locating four such genes during the past two years, Koop's team is working on comparing the two regions in humans and mice. When a suspected disease-causing gene is identified in a human, scientists can experiment with a genetically altered mouse to determine the function of the apparently disease gene.

As one of its first projects, Vancouver's Genome Sequence Centre hopes to become involved in another mouse-related study that would give it a central role in locating previously unidentified genes in the data churned out by the Genome Project. The study would use technology known as DNA "fingerprinting" to rapidly identify large stretches of the



The Code of Life

- Inside the nucleus of cells, intertwining strands of the DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) molecule form chromosomes—the repositories of genes, which carry the code for life.
- DNA is made of four constituent chemicals—adenine, cytosine, guanine and thymine (A, C, G and T for short).
- Working with purified DNA, computerized sequencing devices "read" the order in which the four chemicals are arranged in every chromosome and in each of the estimated 70,000 to 100,000 genes that make up the genome, the total human genetic endowment.
- For technical reasons, the genome is sequenced in small segments. Following sequencing, the challenge is to locate every gene within the three-billion-character genome code which is divided among 23 pairs of chromosomes.

mouse genome for sequencing. Because mouse genes generally resemble those of humans, similar subtle stretches of DNA would point to gene locations in both species.

Another enterprise, explains Steven Jones, who will supervise the centre's data analysis, involves the development of so-called gene chips—technology that prints DNA samples onto glass slides that can be used, among other things, for quick analysis of human tissue to detect disease. But the centre's broader goal is to contribute to the next phase of the Genome Project by locating cancer genes and determining their functions. "There is bound to be a lot more cancer genes," says Smith, "than the 100 or so that we already know about." Ultimately he adds, what the vast amounts of new genome knowledge may yield are ways of halting cancer and other diseases before they start. "We can't yet give a true future for finding cures," says Smith, "but the building blocks for doing that are being put in place now." ■



Stanley Kubrick's last, lingering kiss

By Brian D. Johnson

After *The Phantom Menace* and *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*, now comes the final event movie of the summer. *Eyes Wide Shut* is, presumably, the one for adults, the class act. All across North America, couples are hiring babysitters so they can enjoy a safe night of adulterous fantasy, watching Tom Cruise and his wife, Nicole Kidman, get naked. Then there are those who just can't wait to see a work of cerebral genius, Stanley Kubrick's last cinematic statement, completed just days before his death last March at the age of 70. For once, the vicious circle of hype and anticipation seems justifiable. Why would anyone not want to see a mid-life Hollywood couple pursuing their mar-

riages on the line in the final masterpiece from the man who made *Spartacus*, *Lolita*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *Clockwork Orange* and *The Shining*?

But with his 15th film—his first since 1987's *Full Metal Jacket*—Kubrick seems to be playing a grand and rather risqué joke on his audience: *Eyes Wide Shut* is, in many ways, one of his least audacious works, and by no means the act of sexual bravado that his billing would suggest. It is a movie about emotion that feels unemotional, a movie about sex that is severely unsexy, and a movie about a marriage that plays as a rivetingly safe fantasy.

The women in the audience may be disappointed to discover that the Tom 'a

Cruise, Kidman: while she spends most of the movie in various states of undress, he barely takes his shirt off

Nicole show is not an equal-opportunity event. From the opening shot, in which a black dress falls to the floor to reveal Kidman naked, she spends most of her screen time in various states of undress, while Cruise barely takes his shirt off. The film is not half as shocking as it pretends to be, in terms of erotic spectacle often seems more square than subversive. And the sexual chemistry between the two stars is negligible.

Perhaps that's the whole point, for this is, after all, the story of a couple cracking under the strain of conjugal imagination. But both Cruise and Kidman seem precariously alone and stranded as actors, each lost in the deep space of Kubrick's unforgetting story. What is at stake, naked in the movie—and painfully unprovoked is Cruise's case—is the acting. That said, the intensity and dread of Kubrick's gaze still coos a spell while he runs the risk of being nubile, he is never losing. From his friends, his images are arresting and indelible. And, like it or not, *Eyes Wide Shut* remains as seductively compelling, curiously

The story is a magnified, modernized

version of the 1926 novella *Drums Away* by Arthur Schnitzler, a Viennese physician and contemporary of Sigmund Freud. Kubrick and co-writer Fredrick Raphael have transposed the story from fin-de-siècle Vienna to contemporary Upper West Side Manhattan, where Bill Harford (Cruise) is a doctor who makes high-society house calls. He is married to Alice (Kidman), and it is not clear what she does, if anything, aside from helping their seven-year-old daughter with her homework. And despite Kubrick's attempts to convince her role, he remains faithful to Schnitzler's complaint: Alice is just the catalyst for her husband's story.

As it begins, the couple heads off to a gaudy Christmas party at a mansion belonging to one of Bill's patients, Victor Ziegler, a gruff, tycoon played with a wonderfully baroque sense of

her with another man, is propelled on a diabolical odyssey of erotic exploration.

Attractive women throw themselves at him left and right, from the lecherous daughter of a freshly deceased patient to the world's finest prostitute, who offers to waste her life. As suspense builds on every turn, Bill keeps inching to the brink of betrayal, then backing away. Along the way sex and death are closely entwined, over and over again, pursued as a Freudian waltz.

The story reaches operatic proportions when Bill takes a cab to a château and bluffs his way into a secret covey of masked revellers. With black candles and mock-linguistic music, their ritual unfolds as a poisonous soap opera. *Gorgeous* *Baroness* at the Mayhew mansion. (It is in this sequence that Warner Brothers digitally caused a 65-second clip of graphic sex—not arriving

Eyes Wide Shut is not half as shocking as it pretends to be, but its images are always arresting and indelible

corruption by director Sydney Pollack. Both husband and wife flirt with strangers. Alice is dragged onto the dance floor by a mangy, middle-aged Hungarian. Bill, meanwhile, happily flirts off a pair of voracious models—until Ziegler calls him away to deal with a nagged doctor who has overdosed on a speedball of cocaine and heroin in the bathroom. Vienna was never like this.

The real fun starts when they get home. As they make a point, Alice goes from playfully teasing her husband about being aroused by breast events to torturing him with a sexual fantasy that she had about a novel officer during a seaside holiday, although she had just caught a glimpse of him on an elevator.

The crowded confusion, a kind of emotional anarchy, as Kidman's deluged her face. Mercifully framed by a standard-orange drape that complements her hair, she sits on the floor in a magazine, caressing her pants off. But then Alice drops out of the movie, and says out loud near the end, while Bill, haunted by graphic visions of

Cruise—to avoid an NC-17 rating in the United States, and since Canada is part of Hollywood's domestic market, it is getting the censored version, while Europe will see the film intact.)

As the masked ritual takes a dark turn, Kubrick deftly focuses the film into a thriller. Cruise's character descends into a twilight zone of dangerous intrigue. And the suspense is palpable, driven home by the bone-hard snubbing of a single piano key in Jocelyn Pook's baroque score. But it is false suspense, a game of waiting for Cruise to find his enemies. It is not going much away to say that when he finally meets, it's too late too late. The drama turns out to be a tame charade, an infidelity drama without any real transgression.

Cruise, who has not been so intense since *Interview with the Vampire*, seems out of his depth here. Some actors can do nothing and you stare through their eyes right into their soul. Cruise is more opaque. He is in the kind of actor who needs to be active, who thrives on the bleak business of action and dramatic comedy. In Kubrick's slow, de-

liberate scenes, he is left wriggling on a pin, trying to piece together emotional paragraphs from a limited vocabulary of pained looks, grimaces and nervous smiles. And he never stops being Tom Cruise. Although he is supposed to be taking a walk on the wild side, his character's enigmatic remains unexamined.

Cruise and Kidman, who described their 18-month courtship in Britain as a draining ordeal, continue to speak of Kubrick with the reverence due to a parent they never fully knew. But, on-screen at least, it looks like they are being toyed with, a celebrity couple caught in Kubrick's web of cold games. Even the director's close friend and collaborator, screenwriter Michael Herr (*Full Metal*



The director in his last movie, he seems to be playing an elaborate joke on his audience

Jacobs, interrupts an editing session in *Money* *Five* to puzzle over "that strange irresistible requirement he had for pushing his actors as far beyond a 'naturalistic' style as he could get them to go, and often selecting their most extreme, zwildest, emotionally confusing work for his final cut."

While Kubrick keeps his characters at a maddening intellectual distance, his studied scenes, awash with attention, are a welcome antidote to the loose-neck pace of most current movies. Yet, for all its artificial poise and European accent, *Eyes Wide Shut* seems safely American in its intimacy. Kubrick—a New Yorker who lived in self-imposed exile in a British country manor for 51 years—may have made his first peace with Hollywood. Using Tom Cruise as his pawn, cinema's grand master has scored a triumphant checkmate: his last convincing film could be his greatest on-off success. Just the sort of poetic justice that would have Kubrick laughing in his grave. ■

Theatre of the mind

The Shaw Festival stays true to its artistic roots—and still makes money

By John Benrose

The pretty resort town of Niagara-on-the-Lake—a two-hour drive south of Toronto—seems more than a little money-minded these days. In the upscale tourist shops along Queen Street, a coat or a cup of coffee cost twice as much as they would back home. And at the surprisingly refurbished Prince of Wales Hotel, rooms now start at \$375 a night. Even the billfolds, resplendent in their crimson tannins, have caught the fever. Glancing at a carved half-relief of Chinese dragons that graces the lobby, one confides in an underseam: "We bought that at a museum in Beijing. It's worth \$78,000 (U.S.)." Perhaps he hopes to sell it.

Fortunately, there is a local antidote for all this. The annual Shaw Festival—whose season runs from early April to the end of November—is offering several dramas that ride a scalpel to the idea that humanity's highest calling is to get rich. And the most unlikely people are paying attention. The Royal Bank is sponsoring the current production of George Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, and the opening was attended by a phalanx of bank executives and their spouses. They sat calmly while the play's hero, Captain Shawoner (Douglas Rain), intoned: "Give me deeper delusions. Money is not made in the light." And they appeared unperturbed while Shaw went on to expose the life of wealth and privilege as a trifling sham. At the end, they even joined in the wedding ovation.



Ferne Byrne and Rain in *Heartbreak House*; set during an English country-house weekend, the play reveals a life of wealth and privilege as a shallow sham

Not everyone has been so enthusiastic about *Heartbreak House*—or at least so polite. The Shaw's artistic director, Christopher Newton, says he has received quite a few "cross letters" from people offended by the production. Striving behind his cluttered desk, the silver-haired Newton, 63, specializes about why these people don't like the

show—which has received excellent reviews. He believes that many of them are new to serious theatre—this year, the festival has sold 14,000 tickets to people who have never attended. "Many of these folks have been brought up on amplified musicals, and on the one-liners of sitcoms," says Newton. "So they're surprised to find that when

they look at such plays as *Heartbreak House*, they have to use their minds."

Newton says his biggest challenge is figuring out what to do with this influx of new patrons. He could, he allows, make room for them by showing the festival's lighter entertainment—the always sold-out thrillers and musicals such as this season's *A Penny Day* by George and Ira Gershwin—from the festival's tiny Royal George Theatre (328 seats) into the large Festival Theatre (861 seats). But this would mean shifting more substantial dramas such as *Heartbreak House*—which really need a large stage, but which rarely sell out—into the Show's other small venue, The Courthouse Theatre (324 seats).

There is no doubt what most productions would do: bump *Heartbreak* and take it to the back. But while the festival, with its \$15-million annual budget, is prospering under Newton (it registered a \$793,000 surplus last year), the artistic director believes that a single-minded pursuit of profit alone "would be a total abdication of our responsibility as an art theatre."

So the festival seems safe, at least for now, from the money-anxiety that marks Niagara-on-the-Lake (which ticket prices ranging from \$25 to \$70. Show productions are still cheaper than most big-city musicals). This year, the piece of its lineup is definitely *Heartbreak House*, directed by Tadeusz Radzicki. Show completed the play during the First World War, but postponed launching it until 1920 because he didn't want to undermine British morale. No wonder this tale of what happens to a group of people during an English country-house weekend so bravely exposes the hollowness of their lives. The powerful captain of industry, Ross Marston (lucratively played by Jim Mullan), finds himself reduced by his frustration in love to a fearful, fearful—and undeniably very funny—wreck. Meanwhile, the others try to lose themselves in flirtation and amoral heroism. But in the end, what truly saves them are the bombs falling from a German aeroplane.

As the house's eccentric owner, Captain Shawoner—a wild old man fueled by rum and outrage—Rum goes one of the finest performances of his distinguished career. His Shawoner is not the booming egoist of so many productions, but a witty, misadventurous crone, whose madness is often expressed with a subtle turn of the head or an abrupt, wary stepping of his quick, self-absorbed walk—like a chicken sensing a fox. The production is greatly aided by Peter Harnwell's set: the delicate paper and wood of Shawoner's workshop seem perilously threatened by the storm clouds raining beyond the skylights.

Another—of slighter)—success is

Mann's version of Harley Granville Barker's 1910 satirical drama, *The Madras House*. Philip Maitav (Blair Williams) wants to leave his position as an insurance man in his family's high-fashion business—to do something more socially useful. But to get free, he has to wade through a gauntlet of challenges. Annoyingly starting everything from bourgeois family life to fashion show, the drama flows a canny, relevant debate about the freedom of women. Maitav has broken up the speeches with long, ornate silences, and purposely turned several of the characters into caricatures, creating a highly contemporary nightmare world. And by slightly editing the end of the play, he leaves his audience with a deeply moving image of male-female equality.

Newton's own production of Noel Coward's 1925 comedy *Easy Virtue* is often very funny—while never losing the poignant underlines arising from the dilemma of its main character, Lavinia (Gladys Stimpert). Having married a much younger man, John Whitaker (Kevin Dunphy), this cultured, independent-minded woman finds herself stalked by his highly intrusive upper-middle-class family. To make matters worse, she discovers that John is weak, what is to do? Stimpert is wonderful as Lavinia, leading her a vulnerability and decency that wins sympathy for her extreme solution. And the actors keep the action spinning with the graceful inevitability of ballroom dancers.

Another—of slighter)—success is



A scene from *Easy Virtue*: a graceful comedy with poignant underlines

Daphne du Maurier's own 1940 stage adaptation of her popular 1938 mystery novel, *Rebecca*. Also directed by Newton, it focuses on a new, young wife, Mrs. de Winter (the rarely compelling Steven Thompson), who has trouble replacing her dead predecessor as the lady of Manderley Hall. The solid acting is powerfully accented by Elizabeth Aschheim's lighting: the many moods of spring infuse the set with the subtlety and vividness of the heroine's own shifts between feedback and hope.

Getting married, Betrand Shaw's witty 1908 play about the difficulties of getting up the aisle, is mostly talk. But Meisen, wearing his director's hat, has made sure the play is funny, believable, and often wise. Too bad the dialogue in Charles Vidrac's little 1919 drama, *5.5. Twenty*, why comparison as far as cold spite. Yet director Dennis Gurnham and his cast have wrung some memorable moments from this simple story about two French First World War vets who want to emigrate to Canada. The best scene comes before a wood is ever used. As the owner of a women's pub, Madame Corber (Jennifer Phappi), and her help, Thérèse (Catherine McGee), prepare to open for the day, their actions—slicing down chairs, carrying in fresh bread—achieve a complex and moving beauty. The scene is a reminder that many of life's most pleasant pleasures—including simply looking—are not, after all, merely about more than commercialism. □



Bob Levin

A groin-grab for ratings

Say this for the brains behind the World Wrestling Federation: they have no shortage of bad ideas. Once two hours, raucous commercials, the *Rise*

is a *Rise* superman (a "creative team," as WWF.com calls them) have their muscular menagerie battle each other with fists, feet, a broom, shovel, gun, nightstick, baseball bat and several steel chairs, one of which leaves in 599-lb. victims dripping with lovingly photographed fake blood. The combats—with names like *The Rock*, *The Undertaker*, *Mear*, *Mr. Ass* and *Stuart Cold Steve Austin*—fight in the ring, in the halls, in a cage; they flip the finger, grab their groins, climb up in women, through mostly they break nearly comical of guards and leather. They bust obscenities, they hit low. Megs lobes ahead, those to strut, stomp, pull hair and whatever else will help their men, the women (paysed story stars and ungainly primetime babes, the teasing unattractive culls) puppets.

In case you've never seen it, there it is. If you're a dad who says you watched wrestling when you were young, meaning it's fine for your kids too, watch again.

Pro wrestling is a pop-culture phenomenon, a megabucks marketing success story (cable's top show in the States), and as a result, WWF-style, it's easy to see its comical violence and major law ruffling in crude racial and sexual stereotypes, in S and M and soft porn, all loosely wrapped in twisted soap plots and legend with fireworks, pounding rock and Jersey Springer-type "talk." With this contention Vince McMahon, WWF's boss, has stormed and Ted Turner's World Championship Wrestling in its ratings war. McMahon has even put himself into the act as the despotic boss—sort of. Dave Nichols meets Dr. Evil. Mania that, Ted and Joe.

And how do these two Cavendish side to McMahon's nephews? Quite nicely. TSN's three *Rise* a *Rise* broadcast average a combined 770,000 viewers each week. In February, the WWF net only 43,000 people into Toronto's Sky-Dome (the show will be back in Toronto this week) but drew a TV audience of 789,000 for that single telecast—compared with 400,000 for a typical Blue Jays game. TSN is now only 20 per cent of its wrestling viewers are under 18 years old. But that's still a lot of kids, and they respond in only kids can.

Last January, Winnipeg educators complained that grade-school kids were watching TV wrestling by grabbing their coaches and yelling "Stink it!"—in some cases as teachers. They asked networks to air wrestling late in the even-

ing, which sounds reasonable enough. But TSN spokesman David Rosenbloom says the network was already running a may-often, and after the Winnipeg complaints it tightened the rating of its 4 p.m. show, which aims when kids are just home from school. Boston line TSN has to balance the opinions of all its audience, says Rosenbloom, "and the majority of people say, 'They show it so to me, and say editing.'"

No surprise there—some people can't get enough of Springer or Howard Stern, all of us slow to look at our window. So why bother wondering why TSN—the *Sports Network*—runs wrestling's scripted chaos in the first place? Well, it's "sports entertainment," comes the reply, just like spelling bees, dog shows and equestrian competitions. Any one pointing out that these others usually are competitors?

Not here the show is wrestling come only from outside. On May 23 in Kansas City, Mo., 33-year-old Owen Hart of Calgary's famous wrestling clan—the father of two young children he refused to let watch the WWF—plunged 78 feet into the ring while being lowered by cable. The crowd thought it was part of the act; the show went on. The Hart family has filed a wrongful death suit against the WWF, seeking unspecified damages. Owen's widow, Martha, says pro wrestling seldom for ratings, "has become a showy display of graphic violence, sexual themes and dangerous stunts."

Then there's Ron Simmons—the wrestler Sidie—who also suing (for \$10 million), claiming the WWF tried to bully him into obscene acts. A surgically boosted blond who had posed nude for Playboy, Metro bulked as a show-ripping scene that would have left her nipples on national TV. That cost her the championship, she says, and later in the change room she found "all my things smeared with human feces." The WWF she says, a "test of control. It not only reflects everything that is bad in society, it condones it and makes it a step further."

OK, so Martha's attack of social consciousness seems a little self-serving. And heck, what's the big deal? Wrestling's pretty cartoonish, tough fan that may even be cathartic for some, and anyway, it's free enterprise and if you don't want your kid watching them turn off the TV. Sure, except that what kids can't watch at home they watch at someone else's home, or ask up by playground outside. The untrained audience, the blunderbuss, the up-young heads—it's inescapable, a form of self-pollution. And kids are such wonderful critics.

Last year in Dallas, a seven-year-old boy ran at his three-year-old brother, charging one arm at his neck and killing him. The seven-year-old, in turn, said he meant no harm, he was just imitating a wrestling move he'd seen on TV.

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Allen Fotheringham is an author. Bob Levin is Executive Editor of *National*.

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